

# AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

MARCH 21, 1942

## WHO'S WHO

M. G. BALLANTYNE is the editor of the Quebec Province Edition of the *Canadian Register*, the newly formed federation of Catholic weeklies in Ontario and Quebec. He is president of the Montreal Branch, Catholic Truth Society, director of the Central Catholic Library, member of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs. He became a Catholic while completing post-graduate work in history at McGill University, Montreal. He joins the AMERICA writers for the first time, in response to an invitation to tell our readers just how and where stands Canada. . . . KURT BECKER, S.J., was born on a Venezuelan coffee-plantation, resided in the United States later, returned to Venezuela on business trips, and is now a seminarian at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md. . . . LEO RIORDAN is a staff writer on the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. Formerly, he was sports editor and columnist on the *Evening Ledger*, and had his start on the *Catholic Standard and Times*. He taught journalism at St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, Pa., for nine years. . . . H. C. MCGINNIS, free-lancer from Pennsylvania, has been a frequent and welcome contributor. . . . CLARENCE R. MCAULIFFE, S.J., is professor of dogmatic theology, St. Mary's College, Kans. He sounded an earlier warning against the Haldeman-Julius publication in our columns, April 21, 1941. . . . CHARLES A. BRADY, professor of English at Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y., speaks from a wide knowledge both of Saint Thomas More and of the modern poets. . . . JOSEPH J. REILLY, also a Professor of English, but at Hunter College, New York, is well known for his writings and lectures on Newman. . . . THE POETS: among this week's galaxy, we welcome Mary Cecile Ions, of Floral Gables, Fla., and Francis Sweeney, of Lennox, Mass.

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# COMMENT

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A MOMENTOUS decision awaits the arrival of the Socialist Sir Stafford Cripps in India. He goes as the representative of the Conservative Winston Churchill. Innumerable conferences have been held in India and Great Britain, between governments, between parties, for decades of years, all of them discussing the questions of Indian unity and the position of India in the British Empire. India in its races and its regions and its traditions is as diverse as Europe. Its problems cannot be settled by a simple formula. And yet, for the future of Asia, and probably of the world, India, complex and contradictory as it is, must be unified and strengthened as a barrier between the Japanese and the Nazis. It may be too late because Great Britain offered too little in the years gone by. With Australia only now getting ready to fight against the Japanese pincers, and with India, apparently, as the next objective of the Japanese strategists, the time for a settlement of the Indian situation is, paradoxically, most inopportune and most tardily opportune. Great Britain can achieve a great victory by a sacrifice of old imperial policies. It is our trust that India may be brought to a full-hearted alliance with the United Nations through an honorable and just determination of its status as a nation.

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TECHNOCRACY, INC., spent approximately \$3,000 for a full-page advertisement in the New York Sunday *Times*. Similar advertisements may have been placed in other leading newspapers throughout the country. The slogan was: "America Must Liquidate its Pro-Fascists at Home . . . Before it can Defeat Its Fascist Enemies Abroad!" Leading up to this climax were two columns of reading that are appalling to any American who approves our democratic system and swears faith in our American Constitution. Technocracy clamors for "Total Conscription of Men, Machines, Matériel and Money—with National Service from All and Profits to None!" The program calls for the Government of the United States to institute "immediate conscription of all national corporate wealth and its attendant institutions such as banks, trusts, insurance companies . . . conscript all of the physical facilities and operating personnel . . . of rail, bus, water and air transportation . . . of all telegraph, telephone and radio communications systems . . . of public utilities and power producing and transmission systems . . . of all export and import corporations. The Government of the United States shall be the sole exporter and importer. . . ." These and other recommendations for total conscription of men, property, industry, commerce by the Government of the United States add up to what we understand to be a totalitarian and authoritarian government of the United States, and express the princi-

ples which we understand to be basic to Fascism, Nazism and Communism.

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THE PRESENT Government of the United States, under President Roosevelt, has not endorsed the program of Technocracy, Inc., and would undoubtedly condemn it. Investigation revealed that Technocracy is a "membership organization working for the new North American social order based on science and technology." Membership is "of one class only, open to all American citizens. Aliens, Asiatics and politicians are ineligible." Our first impulse would be to laugh off Technocracy, Inc., as a "nut" society. That would be unfair to Technocracy and dangerous for Americans. The organization has spread throughout the United States, is increasing in membership, and apparently is well supplied with financial backing. While it professes to derive nothing from and to be opposed "to communism, socialism, nazism, fascism, conservatism, liberalism, autocracy and all other political philosophies," it seems to be a merging of them all in their most deplorable features. Certainly, a universal total conscription such as Technocracy advocates would destroy our democratic pattern of government, and would totally set aside our Constitution and our Bill of Rights.

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QUESTION Number Fourteen in the questionnaire recently submitted to Sir Stafford Cripps by *Life* magazine was: "To what extent does Russia still hold to the object of world revolution?" The following are excerpts from the answer of the new Lord Privy Seal and Britain's present Number Two Statesman:

The Russian Communists believe that they have discovered the best way as yet known for organizing humanity to greater happiness, they therefore wish to spread that civilizing influence over the world as a matter of ideology. . . . If there is to be a profound change in the economic system, no doubt the Russians would expect it to come by revolutionary methods, as would many people. But this does not in the least mean that they want to use their political influence to start revolutions in other countries. In fact, just the opposite is the case. *This I can say with certainty, as I have had it direct from Mr. Stalin himself and it has been stated publicly by the Soviet Government on more than one occasion recently.* The Russians do not want to interfere with the internal affairs of other countries. They wish to follow a policy of live and let live. (*Italics ours.*)

This is a breath-taking revelation. Did Mr. Stalin cross his heart and hope to die? Did the Soviet Government *really* state it publicly; and if they "stated it publicly on more than one occasion" does that make it more reliable than some of their other little white lies, such as that whopper about religion being free in Russia and that brutal attack on Fin-



land? Did the Russian Communists not want "to interfere in the internal affairs of other countries" in Pre-Hitler Germany, or France, or Czecho-Slovakia, or Spain? There must have been a sepulchral laugh from millions of graves at that "live and let live." There are oceans of facts and figures and open-and-shut evidence against Sir Stafford; but, of course, if he had it direct from Mr. Stalin, *himself*, and if the Soviet Government stated it *publicly*—what can we say?

JOINING with Vice President Wallace and Secretary Wickard in the celebration, on March 9, of the ninth anniversary of the national farm program, President Roosevelt repeated his insistent warning against the danger of inflation contained in the farmers' demand for full parity prices. Mr. Wallace urged that the farmers should "lean over backward to avoid undue pressure on the nation in time of trouble." In view of the militant position in favor of these parity demands taken by some of the major farm organizations, with the counter resentments felt already by the consuming public against the large-scale farmer as a possible war-time profiteer, it is not easy to discuss the parity question patiently and objectively. Farm opinion itself is by no means unanimous. In relinquishing these demands, however, and following the President's advice, the farm groups in question will eliminate a continued source of irritation from the non-farming mind. On the other hand, a source of very deep irritation, indeed of total bewilderment, would be spared the farmer, if the deferment of necessary farm labor could be more equitably arranged. With someone left to work the farms, their operators will be better reconciled to non-parity prices.

EVEN in deeply rural neighborhoods, draft boards report the willing response they receive from farm young men, of their reluctance to seek deferment. As a consequence, the farm operator's difficulties are increased by the attitude of rural youth itself. This may not be in line with the sentiment that young agriculturists should feel as enthusiastic as any other group in the population concerning the part they are called to play in the nation's war-welfare. But, after all, is there anything so surprising that this enthusiasm is not more common? Despite all the adornment and privileges that agriculture possesses among some of the better-class farmers, it remains a manual-labor profession, a labor that is not even recognized as "skilled." Manual labor, however, continues to have little inspiration or appeal to the average, ambitious, capable young American, especially if he has grown up outside of the trades-union atmosphere. School, college, press, film, example of his colleagues continue to hold out to the American boy the ideal of a life where he may direct, but not exercise, personal manual labor. He will get some of it in the Army, but only as incidental, not essential to soldiering. The day is not far off when we shall have to ask ourselves: what social, as well as financial, rewards, can be

held out in the future to a youth that earns its living by the sweat of its brow?

HOWEVER little they may signify as indicating any change of heart in the Soviet regime's fixed hatred of religion, there is some cause for comfort in current reports, if they be true, that the name of God is used in Soviet morale appeals to women and youth, that religion is favorably referred to in film and press. They indicate, at least, an understanding that religion is something to be reckoned with, that it cannot be neglected as a means for winning the war. The circumstance that religion is being furiously persecuted in some parts of the world, challenged and questioned on all sides, does not in the least alter the fact that its power and necessity are steadfastly emerging from the mists of materialistic skepticism. Writing amid the cogwheels and graphs of *Fortune* magazine, Professor Hocking, of Harvard, tells us substantially that moral and religious relativism have left contemporary man out on a limb. Swaying there miserably in storms that his own passions have aroused, he is advised to crawl back for security, yea, and for freedom itself, to the solid trunk of belief in an absolute, superhuman reality.

WITH returning recognition of religion as a power to be reckoned with in the post-war era, it would be a strange and disquieting thing to find that the secret or key to that power had passed out of Catholic hands. It is disquieting, for religion away from religious authority can take strange courses and lead back to its own denial. It would be a strange thing if we found that, while Catholics were busied with the more immediate problems of their individual lives, non-Catholics had taken up the study of the social Encyclicals and gone beyond us in practical applications to crucial problems of their dynamic teachings on the family, on natural rights and on the Mystical Body of Christ. In England, non-Catholics are already alive to the tremendous religious power that these great doctrines give to those who apply them unflinchingly to the more knotty questions of our times. Our spiritual banquet hall is open to all; and all are welcome to partake of its nourishment. So open it is, that faint-hearted Catholics sometimes draw aside, at the sight of those who show an appetite for food that, as yet, we have but scantily learned to assimilate. Time warns that we conquer our repugnance, and head the lists of the banqueters if we expect to exert religious power in the reconstruction world.

AS hearings progress on the impending tax bill before the House Ways and Means Committee, it becomes increasingly clear that severe pressure will be applied on Congress to pass a sales tax of some kind. As we have pointed out before in these columns, such a tax would work bitter hardship on low-income groups. Equally clear is the Administration's determination to oppose this injustice to

the nation's poor. In a press conference last week, Mr. Morgenthau, Secretary of the Treasury, pointed out that a single person earning \$750 a year is already paying seventeen per cent of his income in Federal, State and local taxes. Approximately the same percentage is also paid by a married man with no dependents who makes \$1,500 a year. In terms of working hours, both these classes are donating to the Government their income for two months. To pile a sales tax on top of this burden will obviously strain the energies of our numerous low-income groups to the breaking point. As Mr. Morgenthau well said: "Until we have exhausted all other sources of revenue and closed all loopholes, we should not add any burden to this group."

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AN irate lady wrote to one of the newspapers the other day to castigate what she called the lily-livered working wives who are quitting jobs to enable their husbands to claim exemption from the draft. This outburst must have raised conflicting emotions in many a reader's breast. The working wives in question are not, to be candid, very lovable creatures. Many of them belong to a group of women who, not content to bear the burden of motherhood on their husbands' adequate incomes, have invaded the market place to satisfy their desires for luxury and a dubious independence. While we rejoice that they are now returning to the sanctuary of the home, we share with the correspondent her resentment at the motive that induced the salutary change. In a conflict of unrelieved selfishness, these women sacrificed their jobs rather than lose their men. Now if the draft should take these husbands, a number of working wives may finally realize that selfishness is not the key to a happy life. Naturally, all this does not apply to the many married women who, for one reason or another, must work outside the home to support their families.

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PAMPHLETS put out by the kindly and helpful Department of Agriculture are, of course, a mere drop in the ocean of government expense and it might seem carping to criticize their continuance. But in these days when the public is called upon to save tin cans and waste paper and practise all kinds of trifling economies for the war-effort, it is not edifying to hear that forty-two pamphlets were published in January and February, on subjects ranging from carving a turkey to "wool characteristics in relation to Navajo weaving." Most people will be able to get a turkey apart, if they can get the turkey; and Navajo weaving and the subtle characteristics of wool in relation to it is a subject we can well postpone to a more settled period. It is quite possible that the people in charge of such matters are too busy to get around to stop this relatively unimportant nonsense, or that they think the few thousand dollars involved not worth bothering about. They cannot think the public really *needs* to know about raspberry fruit worms while the world is reeling. But it takes more than a war to keep the bureaus from being expensively helpful.

THE WAR. On the first anniversary of the lend-lease program, President Roosevelt reported to Congress that \$2,570,452,441 had been spent thus far on lend-lease items, half of which had already been shipped to Allies. . . . The House, 367 to 0, approved a bill raising the national debt limit from \$65,000,000,000 to \$125,000,000,000. . . . Senator B. C. Clark introduced a measure calling for unification of land, naval and air forces in a Department of National Defense headed by a Minister of Defense. . . . Intimating opposition to suggestions for a "Supreme Command," President Roosevelt stated the Army and Navy are working together pretty well. . . . Announced was a United States technical mission to India to aid in mobilizing resources for a base there. . . . Moving into the top naval post, Admiral Ernest J. King, Commander in Chief of the Fleet, became also Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Harold R. Stark being relieved of the latter post. . . . The London *Daily Mail* printed a dispatch from its correspondent, Walter Farr, which appeared to give an eye-witness account of great convoys of American troops and materials moving in the Southwest Pacific. The Navy Department declared Farr's dispatch was filed in Honolulu, contained "no positive fact having any relations to new convoy operations." . . . Also causing annoyance in Washington was the revelation in London that the United States is building a naval base in Eritrea, and the disclosure in Ottawa covering the route of the new United States-Alaska highway. . . . Submarines, some of them Italian, sank eleven ships along the Eastern coast and in Caribbean waters. Brazil, four of its vessels having been sunk, recalled all ships to port. . . . In the Far East, during the week ending March 6, United States underseas craft sank a destroyer and a naval tanker, put out of action an aircraft carrier and three cruisers. . . . Following its seizure of Java, the Nipponese occupied Salamaua and Lae in New Guinea, 430 miles from northern Australia. Eight American army bombers sank two Japanese ships in Salamaua harbor, beached another, set four on fire. . . . A Tokyo communique, unconfirmed elsewhere, declared Mikado cruisers sank the United States cruiser, *Marblehead*, west of Australia. . . . In the Philippine area, Lieutenant-General Tomoyuki Yamashita, conqueror of Malaya and Singapore, assumed command of the Nipponese forces, succeeding Lieutenant-General Masaharu Homma, reported to have committed hara-kiri because of his failure to destroy the MacArthur troops. . . . Twenty-nine trucks loaded with enemy troops moving to the front were destroyed by American artillery. . . . A Japanese cruiser shelled the city of Cebu; a small Tokyo force landed on the island of Mindoro; desultory fighting occurred in Mindanao. . . . The Japanese ordered Filipinos to surrender their bolos. Deprivation of the bolo, used widely as an industrial and agricultural implement, will make it difficult for many to earn a living, General MacArthur stated. . . . In waters off Japan, an American submarine sank four vessels. . . . West of Midway Island, American aircraft based on the island shot down a Japanese seaplane, forced a second one to flee.



WHEN Franciscans gather to discuss economics, as they did last June at Herman, Pa., they find themselves much more at home with the subject than casual observers may suspect. As Father Urban Adelman, O.M.Cap., remarks: "A man who (by his vow of poverty) has nothing to lose, can lose nothing by the often dangerous procedure of always telling the whole truth." Followers of the most idealistic of founders, Franciscans have a way of being the most practical and efficient of men in what they turn their hands to. Results of the deliberations at Herman are now at hand in the December, 1941, issue of *Franciscan Studies*, published by the Franciscan Educational Conference, St. Bonaventure, N. Y. *Decline of Capitalism, Social Security Legislation, Economics and Crime, Credit Unions, Bibliography on Economics*, are some of the topics treated.

IN view of the various economic, or rather monetary-reform panaceas that are now current, the warning of Father Victor Green, O.F.M.Cap. (B. Litt. Oxon.), is to the point: However much these individual schemes may differ, says Father Green:

They tend to overemphasize the villainy of high finance or tend to give the impression that all evils can be corrected if only new monetary regulations are made. The answer is too simple, and is dangerous in that it easily diverts attention from other and often more immediate evils. . . . I think it wise that we as clergymen do not commit ourselves to any specific economic or social scheme unreservedly. The golden mean would be to recognize the good that is in each system and plan, and to encourage or discourage, as may appear proper, whatever attempts are made to change our social and economic set-up.

Given the true Christianization of society, concluded Father Green, "men will work out all the details without the fanaticism which goes with making one group, such as the financiers, the scapegoat."

NEW pronouncements bearing on the battle between the Catholic Church and Nazism recently appeared. A pastoral letter from Bishop von Preysing, of Berlin, has been read in all the churches of his diocese. Protesting against expropriation of ecclesiastical property in St. Hedwig's parish, Berlin, he says: "War imposes reserve upon all Germans. The enemies of the Church are taking advantage of this fact to deal it blow after blow, but all the Faithful know that the Saviour is master of history and the sole protector of the Church."

UNUSUAL circumstances led to an unusual pronouncement by the Most Rev. Archbishop Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, at the consecration of the Most Rev. Peter W. Bartholome as Coadjutor Bishop of St. Cloud. The Bishop was consecrated in the chapel of St. Mary's Hospital at Rochester, Minnesota, with which as a parish priest he had formerly been closely associated. Speaking of the Christian attitude toward physical health, His Excellency remarked:

Eugenics is not something new. Indeed Christianity through its wide vision of the rights and duties of man contributed its best features. But the Church, on the other hand, rises and condemns certain appli-

cations given to it based on material concepts of man and of life which have been forcibly introduced into the practice of eugenics. Human reason itself rebels against such false applications.

His Excellency warned against the delusion that so-called hereditary deficiencies can be cured by violent means, pointing out that the "hidden germs of infection are often more numerous than those which are manifest."

VATICAN CITY radio heard in New York March 9 by the Columbia Broadcasting System quoted a pastoral letter issued by Cardinal Van Roey, of Malines, Belgium, on February 15. Says Cardinal Van Roey:

Whoever aims at annihilating Christian influence in society and in public life is confining it to a cultural and sacramental ministry. Christianity preaches the dignity of the individual and his sanctification.

The supreme God of society demands that the Church be able to exercise freely her mission in the world, and no new order can be beneficent that does not recognize the historical order established by God, in which individuals, families and peoples, all humanity, is set up in Christ and for Christ.

The Cardinal criticized any new order that excluded Christ and called on his fellow-Belgians to pray "for the dawn of peace, liberty and prosperity."

FOR the first time in many years the annual conference of the Catholic Association of International Peace will meet in New York City. This, its sixteenth session, will take place April 6 and 7 at the Carroll Club, 120 Madison Avenue. The theme for the conference is "Inter-American Action for the Pope's Program," including such topics as The World Crisis, Inter-American Leadership, Inter-American Cooperation, Catholic, Governmental and Economic Problems of the Post-War Transition Period, Reconstruction and Education, etc. Alterations are announced in the form of committees. There will be a special sub-committee on Asia and one on Africa.

PROBLEMS involved in competitions are so numerous that the public, not to speak of the best sculptors, painters and architects are often dubious about them. Special significance, therefore, attaches to the careful method in which the competition is now being conducted for the statue of Christ, Light of the World, to be placed before the new N.C.W.C. Headquarters building in Washington, D. C. The Most Rev. John F. Noll, Bishop of Fort Wayne, some years ago conceived the plan of the statue. A committee of the Bishops has placed the direction of a nation-wide competition in the hands of the Liturgical Arts Society of New York, and the Society's program has been worked out as a model for similar competitions, in conjunction with the National Sculpture Society. Seventy-six contestants have been selected to submit a model, out of 124 who applied. Judges are Frederick Vernon Murphy (Catholic University); Barry Byrne (Art Critic for AMERICA), Lee Lawrie, C. Paul Jennewein, and Gaetano Cecere. The first prize is \$1,500 which includes a \$6,000 contract for the execution of a full-sized model of the final bronze figure to be cast. The second prize is for \$500.

# CANADA'S WAR PROGRAM SEEKS UNITY, MOULDS DESTINY

M. G. BALLANTYNE

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A FAMOUS statesman, after trying the job for many years, declared: "Canada is the most difficult country in the world to govern!" Among the causes of his complaint are two that are particularly relevant to the subject under discussion. The first is that Canada is double-barreled racially and linguistically. It is not the country's desire to merge the French-speaking and English-speaking inhabitants, but rather to marry them. Although maintaining their separate characteristics, speech and identity, the two major elements are intended to supplement one another and to bring out each other's best qualities. This aim the Dominion shares in essence with South Africa and Switzerland.

The second complicating factor is that Canada is both a North American nation and a leading partner in a world-wide empire and commonwealth of nations. Canada has never conceived her foreign policy in purely national terms; yet neither has she been able to escape the trade and strategic implications of her geographical situation. Thus the Government of the Dominion of Canada has ever faced the problems of reconciling and harmonizing the internal division between French-speaking and English-speaking, and the external division between geographical partnership with the Americas and political partnership with the Commonwealth.

Like most belligerents, Canada became soft and cynical after the last war. She had put forth an enormous effort, and the reaction led her to doubt the value of the sacrifice. The French-speaking inhabitants felt particularly disillusioned and sore. In 1917, after three years of fighting, the policy of introducing conscription for overseas' service was authorized in a general election. Most French-speaking Canadians considered this unfair, and their feelings were exacerbated by tactless military and political authorities. The result was a grave wound to unity, a wound kept open and angry by partisan expediency. Thus it came about that Canada in the 'twenties and 'thirties was apathetic and even suspicious toward the possibility of becoming involved in another European war. The apathy and cynicism were dispelled by Hitler, but the emotional legacy left by conscription continued unabated.

It is an interesting, vital and little known fact that Great Britain can no longer conduct a major war without the support of Canada. For such a war the supplies of North America are imperative. But these supplies cannot be transported in war time without naval protection, and there can be no ade-

quate protection without North American bases. Formerly, a declaration of war by Great Britain automatically involved the whole Empire. However, recent constitutional development has led to a state of affairs in which the Dominions have at least *de facto* control over the degree of their participation. Consequently, the British Commonwealth could not go to war against Hitler until the people not only of the United Kingdom but of the Dominions, and particularly of Canada, had become convinced that there was no honorable alternative. This unanimity of opinion had been reached by 1939, and Canada unhesitatingly took her stand at the side of Great Britain.

The decision was made with approximate unanimity, but the degree of individual ardor behind the decision varied in inverse ratio to familiarity with, and feelings of implication in, European and world affairs. All agreed that the conduct of the German Government was evil and that it should be restrained by force; but there was disagreement concerning the measure in which Canada itself was bound to make such restraint effective. Opinion varied all the way from the imperialist, who thought the interests of Canada to be inseparable from those of Great Britain, to the French-Canadian *habitant* to whom all Europeans—even French—were strangers.

It was a question of outlook and experience. To the imperialist at one extreme, a threat to any part of the Empire was a threat to Canada and should be resisted as such. To the average French-speaking citizen, on the other hand, the Empire was an impersonal and foreign abstraction. He was willing to concede help to it if its cause was good, but he did not see why he should strain himself in doing so. Probably the prevailing mood in Canada at the time of the declaration of war was as follows: that Canada itself was in no peril; that Hitler should be beaten, but that he could be beaten comfortably; that the major need of Great Britain was Canadian goods not Canadian men; and that conscription for overseas' service would be unwarranted, disruptive and hysterical.

The opening months of war offered little to change this view. In the general election of March, 1940, both major parties promised not to impose conscription. Scarcely was the election over before the catastrophe in Flanders and the collapse of France exposed the sophistry of dreams of a comfortable war. The awakening was brutal. More and



more clearly it was borne in upon Canadians that the war was total, and that they were destined to be something more than water-carriers to the team.

Two volunteer divisions of the Canadian Army had landed in England before the collapse of France. Today, Canada has an army corps in Great Britain consisting of three infantry divisions, divisional and corps troops, an armored division and an army tank brigade. Canadian troops are also stationed in the West Indies, Newfoundland and Gibraltar. In the present year, Canada will create a Canadian Army overseas of two army corps. One army corps will comprise three infantry divisions and two tank brigades. The other corps will consist of two armored divisions. Since June, 1940, Canada has also had conscription for home defense.

The Royal Canadian Navy has grown from a fleet of fifteen ships before the war to more than 350 vessels at present. Personnel has grown to more than fifteen times its pre-war size. Still a relatively small force, it is daily performing hazardous tasks in the Atlantic and the Pacific. By March, 1943, the R.C.N. expects to add another 12,000 men to the force, bringing the total strength to 40,000.

The Royal Canadian Air Force has grown to a total strength of more than 100,000 men from a pre-war strength of 4,000. There are, in addition, more than 13,000 civilians serving in the R.C.A.F. There are also thousands of Canadians who enlisted directly in the Royal Air Force. Finally, there is the gigantic undertaking known as the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, which is largely financed and operated by Canada for the use of the Empire.

On the material side much is being done. The ship tonnage now under construction in Canada almost equals that under construction in the United Kingdom. Enormous quantities of food, raw materials and munitions are being supplied to all theatres of war. Last year the Dominion Government spent \$2,800,000,000, of which nearly \$2,500,000,000 was for war. This year it seems that it will spend about \$3,500,000,000, of which over \$3,000,000,000 will be for war. Of this sum, \$1,000,000,000 represents goods given to Great Britain.

In all this immense effort, the Canadian Government has had the constant and enthusiastic support of the Hierarchy, both French-speaking and English-speaking.

Despite this impressive achievement, there has been a growing feeling in many parts of Canada that still more should be done. In particular, it has been argued that to rely on volunteers for overseas service was wasteful and unjust. Canada, according to this view, should institute national selective service and place every man and woman where he or she could be most effective, whether that be the home, the factory, the farm or the Libyan Desert.

There seems to be no doubt that most Canadians now favor selective service (as the Gallup Poll for Canada has indicated), but there is no blinking the fact that the present administration pledged itself not to enforce overseas service. The Prime Minister, Mr. Mackenzie King, was most emphatic about this at the last election. His solution of the dilemma

is to propose a plebiscite to be held some time in the Spring to ask the people to free him from his pledge. He has not stated whether or not he will institute conscription if so freed. It is not a referendum he proposes, for a referendum settles a disputed point one way or the other. It is simply to be a plebiscite, an expression of opinion. For the moment Mr. King contents himself with asking for a free hand in proposing measures to Parliament.

This is the famous plebiscite about which so much has been said and written. It has aroused most bitter feeling in Canada, and a recent survey by the Canadian Institute of Public Opinion (Gallup Poll) showed that a majority of Canadians was opposed to it in principle.

The arguments in favor of it are quite simple. The Government claims that promises should be kept, that the sanctity of contracts is one of our war aims, that it pledged itself to the people not to introduce conscription and that only the people can release it from that pledge.

The opposition argues that pledges cease to be binding when the circumstances governing them alter. (For example, the action of Wilson in taking America into war after being elected on a "keep-out-of-war" platform.) Under these circumstances it is argued that to hold a plebiscite is shameful, wasteful and dilatory. It is also argued that a plebiscite is foreign to British political development, that the Government is responsible to the representatives of the people in Parliament, and that it weakens parliamentary institutions to by-pass them by means of plebiscites.

The root cause of all this pother is undoubtedly the attitude, or what is thought to be the attitude, of French-speaking Catholics. Not that all English-speaking Canadians favor conscription, and all French-speaking oppose it. But the split does follow racial lines to a large extent. Conscription arouses in many French-Canadians a subconscious reaction deriving from their position as a minority in a land once wholly theirs. Until an enemy actually invades Canadian soil, there will always be a certain amount of suspicion that wars are entered into for "Imperial," and therefore foreign, concerns. It is this dormant suspicion that conscription stirs up.

To many French-speaking Canadians, conscription is a form of slavery imposed upon them by the dominant English-speaking element which forces others to fight for its interests. This instinctive defensive emotion was crystallized by errors and misunderstandings in the last war, and it has been fostered by certain politicians ever since. Conscription has become a symbol of tyranny to most French-speaking Canadians; it arouses their every suspicion and offends their every susceptibility.

The feeling is so strong and so deeply rooted that the issue of conscription is capable of coloring even the most just and necessary of wars. The French-speaking Canadians are willing to share the heaviest taxation, they have agreed to conscription for service within the country, they have volunteered in large numbers for service overseas, but many of them are still bitterly opposed to conscript expeditionary forces.

The plebiscite may be a wise move to allay and convert this feeling of suspicion and resentment. It may, on the other hand, merely underline and thereby accentuate the racial division. However, before outsiders stand in judgment, they should remember the circumstances. Single men can make up their minds quickly and travel fast. But married couples must consider one another's needs and natures, and work out common policy carefully. The emotional and intellectual reactions of races, like sexes, vary in degree, quality and duration, and it takes time and skill to harmonize them. It is just such a process that is going on in Canada now. The two language groups are united in their desire to win the war, but they have not yet agreed on the most effective way of going about it.

And so Canada enters the thirty-first month of her participation in the second world war. The first Great War marked her rise to nationhood. War enormously hastens historical processes, and the period from 1914 to 1918 saw Canada grow from adolescence to manhood. Once again the country is at war. Once again astounding industrial and financial developments are taking place. But a country's ultimate influence depends on its moral stature even more than on its industrial power. Heroism is reaching new heights, and only the very brave will inherit the future. Canada's material contribution to date has been unprecedented and invaluable, but her national effort will not be decisive until it is absolute. Before that can be, Canada must accept her destiny, and, in accepting it, find her unity.

Now this destiny is curious and pregnant. The political world of today suffers from the excesses of unrestrained "racism" and nationalism. Some way must be found to allay the acerbities, the suspicions and the conceits of unchained racism. Some way must be found to reduce, conciliate and harmonize the excessive claims of absolute sovereignty. It is to the solution of these very problems that Canada has been dedicated.

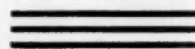
To the conflicts of racism, the Dominion offers not the melting pot (for that merely makes a new race), but the unison of marriage. Canada is neither French nor English, but both French and English. Just as husband and wife are bound before God to work for one another's perfection, and to find their completion one in the other, so are the two recognized racial elements of Canada bound one to the other. Just as marriage requires patience, forbearance, sacrifice, humility, charity and gusto, so does the future of Canada require these qualities.

To the conflicts engendered by absolute nationalism, the Dominion offers the example of a nation developing within a larger framework. Canada is a nation but it is also a member of a Commonwealth. The British Commonwealth is the only working League of Nations the world has ever seen. The first British Empire died one Fourth of July. The second British Empire was profoundly modified by the first Great War, and it will be still more deeply affected by the present Great War. A third Empire, the "Anglo-American" alignment may be beginning. Canada may yet be mid-wife to the womb of time.

And in these super-racial and super-national political aims, what better teacher, consoler and strengthener could Canadians have than the super-racial and super-national Faith. It is the Church that proclaims and defends the unities that transcend boundaries and blood-groups. It is the Church that inculcates the necessary qualities of forbearance, tolerance, understanding and love. And it is Canadian Catholics who should set the example in leading Canada past the mean little eclecticism of nineteenth-century materialist patriots, and on to a worthy and practicable political expression of the brotherhood of man.

## FORGING FRIENDSHIP WITH LATIN AMERICA

KURT BECKER



THE many books and articles recently written with an eye to hemisphere solidarity endeavor, in a greater or less degree, to promote a mutual understanding between the peoples of the Americas by presenting information about both to both. Information, they would argue, leads to knowledge, and this should beget an understanding that would be fruitful in mutual appreciation. The idea is excellent, but it is an unfortunate fact that a good deal of the recent literature on Latin America has been of a highly superficial sort, consisting for the most part in data hastily gathered, impressions received on flying trips, opinions formed without deliberation and material hurriedly culled, and still more hurriedly put together.

The more thoughtful books, on the other hand, attempting to portray facts and conditions, have, in general, succeeded in presenting fairly accurate accounts of the manners and way of life of the Latin American people. But even these mature and careful works are unsatisfactory, since they have been content with the mere presentation of facts, and have not penetrated beyond these to the background against which they should set their portraits if they desire to avoid a certain distortion.

The difficulty, of course, lies in this: an accurate portrait of any people involves an accurate grasp of the background and the culture of that people, else there can be no understanding, and hence the picture will be unsatisfactory. And Americans have great difficulty in understanding the culture of their southern neighbors.

The reason for this is that American culture is of a materialistic character, and the Latin culture is essentially religious. Religious, that is, not in the sense that it is a matter of Church ceremonies and activities, but rather that the Catholic Faith (which to many writers has appeared as something which



the people say they believe, but at which they do not work) has, in fact, so permeated the people, has become so much a part of them, that they are themselves almost as unconscious of it as they are of the blood that flows in their veins. Thus, a Latin American, sincerely wishing to help an American writer present a true picture, would never think of saying: "Of course, this is so because our culture is Catholic."

Intelligent Catholic Americans find great difficulty in understanding what "Catholic Culture" means. They are so used to their irreligious environment, so constantly in contact with powerful forces distinct from and hostile to their Faith and its practices, that they find it almost impossible to appreciate how life and faith are fused and blended in places where Protestantism is confined to small groups of foreigners who practise it without enthusiasm, and where positive Godlessness is found only as a passing fad among a tiny group of pseudo-intellectuals.

Writers tell tales of finding the Church in Latin America a hollow shell. They report meeting men who claimed they had read Darwin once, and lost their Faith. They quote others as boasting that they never go to church, and still more who say that religion is something all right for women.

And because all these stories are true, Americans are puzzled. For if, as the American writers hint, these stories are typical, then the Catholic Faith cannot be really deeply ingrained in these Latin-American people, else it would not be so weak, so inactive.

The answer, of course, is that it is neither weak nor inactive. And what is not related is that in these far from typical cases, the man who claims to have lost his Faith goes clamoring for a priest upon coming down with an acute indigestion; the man who boasts that he never goes to church will laugh to scorn any endeavor to make a Protestant of him; and the third type will go away for three days of retreat before making his Easter duty.

While all this may seem rather incomprehensible to an American, it admits of a simple explanation. When a man and all his neighbors are Catholics, and when his ancestors and those of his neighbors have all been Catholics as far back as Ferdinand and Isabella, and beyond, without ever coming in contact with things like Good Queen Bess, the A.P.A., the K.K.K., Maria Monk, and the Know-Nothings, the facts of Faith, their obligations, their significance, become something habitual, almost unconscious.

This does not mean that Faith therefore becomes inoperative. On the contrary, the fact that it is something of which the possessor is not constantly and actively aware in no way keeps it from being actively beneficial, and from being a deep influence as well as a very positive help. A man still digests without being too conscious of the fact, and the mere fact that he may not even be at all aware of the process does not keep him from deriving a considerable advantage from it.

But it is precisely because the Faith is so deeply ingrained as to be habitual, and if you like, uncon-

scious, that it is so consistently overlooked, not only by American writers, but even by intelligent Latins who endeavor to analyze their own culture. They are, of course, too deeply in it to see it quite clearly themselves.

This being the case, it is small wonder that there has been so little understanding engendered by so much print.

If, however, a portrait of Latin America be studied in the light of this permeating Catholicism, many of the things that puzzle Americans would be more readily understood.

Any thoughtful work on the subject will describe, for instance, with a great deal of accuracy, a Latin-American gentleman along these lines: he is impeccably polite, and deeply aware of a tremendous personal dignity; his life moves along at a leisurely pace, for *mañana* is as good as today for doing what has to be done; his hospitality is almost lavish; if you like his house, his furniture, his gardens, *son suyos*, they are yours (not literally, of course, but meaning, "at your disposal"); his friendships are demonstrative to the point of effusiveness; if he meets a friend after a three-day absence, a handshake is not enough; he must embrace him. He is anxious not to hurt, and to avoid saying something unpleasant that would hurt. He would not hesitate to deceive, although usually he is the most truthful of men.

It is customary to explain all this as racial traits and climate. But politeness and hospitality are not just characteristics inherited from polite and hospitable ancestors. It is difficult to see how the *mañana* attitude can be explained in terms of climate, when that climate varies from the torrid at the Equator to the icy regions near the Antarctic circle. But against a background of centuries of Catholicism, the hospitality is seen as a traditional reaction to the words of Christ: "Whosoever receives one of these my little ones, receives me." The effusive friendliness is rooted in the age-old awareness that there is a real brotherhood among men. The personal dignity springs from the long certainty that each man has been redeemed by the Blood of Christ, and as for hurrying, why should people rush about when today is so pleasant, and tomorrow will blend with eternity?

It is true that the principles on which all this is based are so old, so habitual that they escape attention. But they are none the less there for being unnoticed, and if the traits mentioned above seem, even to themselves, racial characteristics, it is because the principles have left their stamp upon the race along the centuries. Because for so long have they moved in a Catholic world, so long have they breathed a Catholic atmosphere, that they are themselves unaware of the extent to which that Faith tints their outlook, colors their thought and influences their way of life.

It is against such a background, therefore, that the portrait of Latin America must be drawn to be a true likeness, to present without distortion an accurate delineation that will beget that understanding without which no true and lasting accord between the Americas can ever be attained.

# LETTERS OF TODAY WILL MAKE HISTORY

LEO RIORDAN

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A SOUTHERN historian urges parents to save letters from sons in the service and turn over the less personal communications to historical societies. "A hundred years hence," the historian states, "such letters will be priceless to historians."

Having spent several years of leisure time searching manuscripts and visiting museums in an attempt to trace the lost threads of Catholic participation in the American Revolution, I fear nothing short of a systematized approach by our colleges can save Catholic participation in the First World War—much less the current struggle—from similar obscurity. Statistics on the percentage of Catholics in the service are important; the files and collections in our various libraries are vital; but a rich vein of material remains uncollected. Historians a hundred years from now will need letters or diaries to catch the real tone of men's souls and minds and hearts in the First and Second World Wars.

One need not be a serious historian to realize that the man whose letters or diary manage to survive writes history, or at least stands over the shoulder of the man who writes history. For a single letter, a single human reaction can illuminate the whole formalized military report of an engagement.

Our Catholic collegians who saw service in the first World War are certainly among our most articulate men. What, then, is the situation in the average Catholic college today? There is probably a memorial plaque; possibly a hastily written volume, scarcely more than glorified yearbook notes, on the participants and at most a priest on the faculty who served as Chaplain and who, in the solemn moment of a retreat, may occasionally recall some moving story of faith in the trenches.

In piecing together the history of Colonial America, all historians bless the memory of the pioneer men who wrote the Jesuit *Relations* and the correspondence of other Orders, around lonely campfires. But these heroic priests did not allow themselves the luxury of personal reactions. When the historian seeks the thoughts of lay pioneers, he finds scarcity of written matter. So, as any casual reader of history knows, more than one minor figure gained at least a lasting footnote in modern books simply, as I have written, because his letters or diary managed to survive.

While teaching journalism in a Catholic college, I tried an experiment and now regret that it was not slanted in the direction I here suggest. Contacting good-natured alumni, I persuaded them to submit to interviews by students assigned special topics on the news. Almost invariably the students wrote live pieces. Invariably, also, the alumnus wrote or

telephoned that he was impressed with the student and would be glad to help out again.

Now the suggestion is simply this: Detail students to interview alumni veterans of the last war, the meanwhile charging the college publication with the task of collecting letters from men in the current war. By now, men who served in the last war have a suddenly focused perspective; they are old enough to have lasting thoughts on their experiences. By collecting this material, the college library can be made custodian, not of routine items about when a regiment sailed from Hoboken, or when it moved up to the front, but deeper impressions and perceptions and even adventure stories of actual combat. The better accounts will warrant appearance in the college publications: the best might well appeal to editors of Catholic magazines. The worst cannot fail to preserve some note, some insight, some bare fact about an individual Catholic's contribution to the war effort, which, if it were only a similar exhibit on the Revolution, would be invaluable today.

I by-pass here the fact that many a veteran alumnus might be willing to contribute war souvenirs to the college, and that even the German helmets that flooded the mails in 1918 will be important museum pieces a hundred years from now. My concern is with the vital something which comes back out of a letter over the years. I cite only the fact that the almost maddening absence of such documents on Civil War participants from my own college is a case in point. Several Catholic colleges have excellent records on their Civil War men; the most do not.

Now if it is true that every adult is a potential novelist, it must follow that every soldier is a potential historian, in terms of human reactions.

What significant findings, then, could have been recorded by Catholic soldiers on the expedition to Quebec in 1775, if they had kept diaries and, indeed, had the diaries been preserved. John Joseph Henry, of Lancaster, Pa., left such a diary and in it a passage running: "There was a spacious chapel, where the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic religion were performed with a pomp not seen in our churches, but with a fervency and zeal apparently very pious, which became a severe and additional stroke at early prejudices."

One sentence in Henry's booklet-sized diary is like a lightning flash, illuminating a whole phase of the campaign, but giving us no time to study the details before the flash ends. How many American soldiers made "visits" to that chapel? If there were only a diary of a Catholic soldier who could have measured this spontaneous readjustment of prejudices, who could have detailed the individual acts of heroism in the expedition!

It is in such items that historical highpoints and telling incidents in historical novels are fashioned. It is in such items that we are weakest when we seek to trace and tell the Catholic story of the Revolution. It is in just such items that Catholic historians one hundred years hence will still be weak unless we plant the grass roots of world war history now.



# INMATES OF FEDERAL PRISONS SEEK A PART IN WAR EFFORTS

H. C. MCGINNIS

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**EVEN** Federal penal institutions are doing their bit for national defense these days. On account of emergency needs, their production of cotton textiles, metal products, shoes and other industrial materials has been more than doubled. Although this increase has been due somewhat to the opening and development of six new institutions, the main cause has been the utilization of every faculty and opportunity for the furtherance of wartime production. Throughout the Federal penal system, vocational training which teaches the skills most necessary in defense industries has been greatly emphasized and revitalized. This war production is considerable, for the average daily population of all Federal prisons in 1941 was 23,666.

According to the Attorney General's official report for 1941, the penitentiaries at Atlanta, Lewisburg and Tallahassee are running on "several shifts daily" to fill orders for Army and Navy use. This quickening of penal industries is often remarkable. For example, 52,000 units of one metal product were produced in 1940, while under the stimulus of defense production, this amount was equaled during the first six months of 1941. In another place, daily production of metal beds for Army use was stepped up from 20 to 70 and the goal of 100 is shortly expected. At Lewisburg, 200 to 300 metal food trays were being produced daily, but a hurry-up demand from the War Department caused a revitalizing of production until a daily output of 2,500 has been reached. At Atlanta, the Canvas Specialty Goods Shop recently manufactured 1,000 canvas 3,000-gallon water tanks for the Army and Navy.

There are many kinds of articles in high demand by the nation's fighting forces, the manufacture of which is most suitable for Federal prison inmates. In the production of some of the following articles, many prisoners have had a long experience and, if length of service means anything, should qualify as experts. Cotton duck and drill, tents, mattresses, mattress covers, aprons, truck covers, safety belts, litters, shoes, brushes, chairs, steel storage shelving, transfer cases, metal baskets, lockers, cabinets and rubber mats are all well within the scope of prison production and, while they do not constitute lethal weapons for use against the enemy, they are necessary parts of modern wartime equipment.

For those who like to measure production in dollars and cents, it can be stated that, in 1941, Federal sales of prison-produced goods jumped to \$7,-

061,017.07—making a net increase in earned surplus of \$1,314,656.91. In these prison production plants and equipment, the Government has a gross value investment of \$4,313,014.82; and out of the year's earnings, the sum of \$1,674,508.59 was set aside as a reserve for depreciation and obsolescence. But Uncle Sam did not keep all the return from this penal production, even though he is responsible for the full maintenance of his guests. \$340,700.34 was paid to the inmates and their dependents during the last fiscal year as pay for services rendered. This amount, when divided among the working inmates, resulted in an average annual payment of \$97.82, seventy-five per cent of which was either sent to dependents or else held for the prisoners against the day of their release. The remainder may be spent by the inmates for such purchasable luxuries as the institutions offer; vacations, of course, not being included in the list of things for sale.

So far, only activities within prison walls have been discussed; but Federal prisoners have also done much good work outside. Prisoners at the Montgomery and DuPont prison camps have relieved military personnel for other duties by erecting tent cities, grading flying fields, constructing military roads and performing general maintenance work. At Petersburg, where an agricultural operation is carried on, the boys were turned loose on a pile of junk and when they were through sorting it over, they had 2,760 pounds of aluminum to turn in for Government use. Perhaps one of the most important defense works performed by prisoners outside prison walls is that done by the twenty institutional farms which range from 250 acres up to 3,500. While the products of these farms are not expected to enter regular trade channels, they are operated to reduce the cost of feeding the inmates.

Naturally, the more self supporting, from food angles, Federal institutions become, the more of the nation's regular production that is released for general consumption. Since these farming operations include dairy, swine and poultry projects in addition to vegetable growing, they lessen the demands made upon important national food reserves. The poultry projects, for instance, supply as far as practicable all the fresh eggs required for institutional purposes; while the pork-raising ones aim at producing 100 pounds of pork per year per inmate. When it is realized that these projects keep 7,178 acres under cultivation, it can be seen that this inmate production of food is no mean item, especially

when national food reserves are facing exceptionally heavy demands from many quarters. Since a large part of this agricultural activity is carried on by short-termers who will soon be released to resume normal activities, the training given in scientific food production will stand both them and the war effort in good stead.

But, interesting and profitable as this war production by Federal inmates is, there are other results still more interesting and far more profitable. These large gains come about through the increased skilled training stimulated by the requirements of the day. They also derive from the responsiveness of the inmates, an attitude which has already secured for them the letting down of the bars on some of the restrictions which would normally operate against them upon their release.

At the Chillicothe prison, an Airplane Mechanics School has been established and its first graduate has been paroled for service with one of the national air lines. According to reports, this man is making good. In many other institutions, vocational instructors have been added to the staffs to teach vocations particularly called for by wartime production needs, especially along mechanical lines. At Atlanta, Leavenworth, Lewisburg, El Reno and Chillicothe, industrial counselors have been added to the local staffs to assist in determining what skills prisoners possess and how to arouse their interest in learning a trade for which there will be a present use and which will later afford opportunities when the inmate rejoins free society.

Better still, at Atlanta, an employment-placement director has been installed. This officer establishes contacts with outside employers and secures employment for men due for release. During the nine months of 1941 in which this new feature functioned, over 150 establishments were contacted and forty-four released men were placed by it in positions in private industry.

This placement of prisoners with industries holding Federal contracts has done a very important service in clearing up a badly misunderstood situation which has been unjust to many ex-prisoners who have been making good. For some reason, many private employers have believed Federal regulations made it mandatory for them to discharge all ex-prisoners while working on defense contracts. Actually there is no such regulation and when the matter came to the attention of the OPM, that body declared that such discriminations are inconsistent with true democratic tolerance. The placement of men on parole by Federal prison authorities in industries working on defense production definitely clinches the point that no such regulations exist.

While this careful sorting out of inmates according to potential and existing mechanical skills, and then the conscientious development of them along those lines have been deeply appreciated by the inmates, it is obviously impossible to find mechanical skills latent in all prisoners. Yet those not mechanically inclined are not overlooked. Through formally organized educational activities a variety of training is offered. Office work, commercial art, music, mechanical drawing and other courses of similar

nature prevent those who are not geared to the work bench or lathe from feeling left out as far as any preparation for the life to come is concerned.

The enrolment in all courses totaled approximately 8,200 last year. Of these, 2,000 enrolments were in academic work, 1,600 in vocational training, 2,400 in special unit classes and 2,200 in correspondence courses. The correspondence courses are conducted by various university extension departments and usually cover cases in which inmates wish to prepare themselves in subjects not offered by their institution, or else cover advanced phases of something in which the student has already completed all the institution's school offers. In institutions where these educational facilities have been well established for some time, the enrolment in school classes sometimes runs as high as eighty per cent of the prison's population.

Of course, educational programs in prisons, either Federal or State, are not new, but the need for war-time production has greatly stepped up the instructions given Federal inmates. In the past many inmates felt that taking advantage of educational programs was useless except as a time-killer, feeling that, so far as society was concerned, they were done for. The defense program of last year, especially as it related to prison participation, did much to dispel this feeling. For example, the Act of 1877, which prohibited ex-convicts from serving in the armed forces, was modified to permit the Secretary of War to make exceptions in meritorious cases and enlist ex-prisoners. This, plus the practice of the Selective Service Board in taking all but certain classes of ex-prisoners, has done much to convince inmates that attempts at rehabilitation are worthwhile and that certain degrees of rehabilitation give the ex-prisoner another real chance to prove himself in free society. Because of the letting down of these previous bars, an ever increasing number of ex-prisoners are taking their places in the armed forces, including the Coast Guard.

These new policies have increased prison morale immeasurably. This is shown by the numerous letters and petitions from individuals and prison inmate groups who beg opportunities to learn some way of serving their country during their incarceration. Where such opportunities have been furnished, the inmates have well established their good intentions by the very positive increases in the production they are turning out.

Prison-made production of war-time needs is certainly not a vital factor in determining the final success of the nation's war efforts; but the means which are causing this very laudable step-up may have a very far-reaching effect on society's future development. Evidently, the considerably increased interest which the Government is giving to the rehabilitation of those who run afoul of society's regulations is making more than a temporary impression upon the prisoners. Perhaps the war, in addition to its other ends, will prove that it pays to work intelligently to reclaim people who have been considered irretrievably lost to society. The current picture of the responsiveness shown by prison inmates may easily become the convincing proof.



# ANTI-CATHOLICISM IN THE BLUE BOOKS

CLARENCE McAULIFFE

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UNLIKE the ferocious grizzly bear that slaps down his unsuspecting prey in the warmer months and digests it during the winter's sleep in his den, Haldeman-Julius dozes peacefully on his 160-acre farm at Girard, Kansas, during the summer and comes forth each January with bared printing-press claws to devour the Catholic Church. A year ago he launched a malicious advertising campaign for his 640 little Blue Books. Some of these were good, others indifferent; many were immoral and many more were anti-Catholic. He engineered his campaign well. One week you would gaze at his full-page advertisement in a Kansas newspaper; next week you would see it appearing in New York.

Now he is on the warpath again, more blatant, more ruthless than ever before. On Sunday, January 11, he inserted in the *Wichita Beacon of Wichita, Kans.*, not a one-page advertisement of the Blue Books, but three full pages. Last year he was willing to vend only 640 of them at the bargain price of two and a half cents apiece: this year in the interests of public education he lets down the bars. He offers "our entire list of 1,758 Blue Books at special, sensational amazing price of two and one half cents each plus one cent per book for packing, handling and carriage."

In its issue of last April 26, *AMERICA* contained my article, *Haldeman-Julius' Blue Books are Bigoted and Immoral*. In this I named various immoral and anti-Catholic Blue Books. All these are, of course, comprised in the latest advertisement. But in addition, many others crammed with falsehoods about the Church have been included.

Let us take an objective look at the audacity of this man who dares in this hour of national peril to slander the Catholic Church and all religion. Our President has recommended that all true Americans offer up each day for a moment a silent prayer to God for victory: yet this man is indoctrinating the American people with fool's babble that God is non-existent. Any patriot today knows that we need most perfect unity in this mortal struggle for national existence: yet this man is publicly striving to stir up dissension by slandering Catholics and Protestants alike.

Turning now to the newspapers that accept his advertising, let us try to make an impartial appraisal of their conduct. Without them it would be impossible for Haldeman-Julius to spread such immorality and anti-Catholic bias.

They can offer but one line of defense: "This is a democracy. Hence every man has a right to express his opinions. Newspapers accept much advertising with which they themselves do not agree, but they do so in the interests of free speech. When they

print the advertisements of Haldeman-Julius, they are merely following out that principle to its logical conclusion."

The assertion that in a democracy every one is at liberty to express his thought, can be and should be distinguished. Nevertheless, suppose we pay homage, just for the sake of argument, to this popular assertion as it stands, can we *still* prove to a newspaper editor that he should not admit the Haldeman-Julius advertisements?

We can. According to the tenet that every American has a right to divulge his own opinions, Haldeman-Julius would be allowed to expose his opinions on divorce, sex, religion and even atheism. But is a slanderous attack on another religion or all religions the same as exposing one's own beliefs? Would the editor of a newspaper feel himself justly treated if he were calumniated? Would he not rankle with just anger if this calumny were publicized to the whole country by the daily papers? Or to make the parallel more exact, let us assume that some one traduces the editor's own newspaper by denouncing it publicly and falsely as unfair to its employees. Suppose this slanderous charge is advertised in all other newspapers of the country. Would the editor say that they were merely abiding by the principle of freedom of speech? That they were doing no injustice in disseminating an injurious slur upon the reputation of his own company?

Yet, of precisely this action are those newspapers guilty that print the Haldeman-Julius advertisements. Many Blue Books obviously defame the Catholic Church. The newspaper that brandishes them before the public eye is collaborating in the slander of an innocent victim: it is not championing any reasonable interpretation of the right to freedom of speech: it is championing injustice in the form of brutal, unfeeling calumny.

But do these Blue Books reach an appreciable audience? Are they mere blank cartridges that never explode to the Church's harm because they are never bought? Haldeman-Julius is a business man. His ultimate aim is to make money. He himself confesses in his newspaper, the *American Freeman*, that his sex booklets are the most popular of all Blue Books. If anti-Catholic booklets did not sell, he would not be printing them.

Haldeman-Julius confesses that his series of advertisements of last year were most profitable. He succeeded in inserting them in "almost every newspaper of Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, Philadelphia, Boston and a few others." They appeared in New York, Topeka, Kansas City, Chicago, Omaha, New Orleans, Louisville, Pittsburgh, and "dozens of papers in cities in Oklahoma, Texas, Alabama and Georgia." He goes on: "In the case of the *Chicago Tribune*, the page that cost me \$2,100 brought in \$7,600 worth of orders. . . . The *Chicago Times*, which cost me \$1,000, brought in \$3,800." In other words, the *Chicago Tribune* alone sold approximately 215,000 Blue Books.

What can we do? We can point out for all that Haldeman-Julius Blue Books are a source of disunion and dissension when national harmony is imperatively necessary.

IN a letter from London to the *New York Times*, Raymond Daniell writes that the inhabitants of that ancient and valiant city are busy in these early Spring days "tidying up." Damage to homes and public buildings has undoubtedly been severe, but the bridges across the Thames remain, railway service is not much below standard, and most of the power plants are operating as usual. The docks were hard hit, but, as observers noted during the Spanish War, loss of life and destruction of property are much smaller than one would expect after months of bombings from the air.

This report may afford some reassurance to inhabitants of seaboard cities, now busily preparing for the possibility of similar air-raids. There is also some consolation in the reflection that automobiles kill more citizens every year than half a dozen bombings of a municipality as large as Los Angeles, and any medical board could supply similar comparisons after an examination of the local mortality tables. Of course, the mildest of air-raids is about as welcome as a tiger at large, but there is no harm in reminding ourselves that the killing capacity of even half a dozen tigers let loose upon the public is limited.

The people of London seem to have reached that conclusion long before the German attacks began to slacken. Now that these have ceased altogether, the Londoner tidying up his city, as the sharp March winds fill his eyes with dust, reverts to form, and begins to complain, not about the fatalities of war, but about trifling inconveniences! That is the report which Mr. Daniell gives us, and it seems to reflect one of the oddities of human nature, especially as that nature is found among the British. Men and women who bear extreme hardship in silent heroism ought not to flare up when the coffee at breakfast is cold and the toast is scorched, but often they do. But no one will begrudge the Londoner a season for some old-fashioned grouching. He has earned it.

It is well for us Americans who know nothing about this war, except what we can gather from newspaper dispatches, to remember that we have not earned it. American veterans who went to France in 1918 know what the agony of war can be, but not we who remained at home. We had a few adjustments to make, but they were so few that life for the great majority of us went on in its usual channel. We cannot hope for a repetition of that easy way of living through a war. Within the next few months, certainly within the next year, even if our cities are not bombed and our country invaded, life will take on for all of us a pattern it has never before exhibited. We shall be tried, as our ancestors were tried at Valley Forge, and in the years when Americans fought Americans, from Sumter to Appomattox.

But we can take it. The future will be hard, but not so hard as we now imagine it. It never is to those who gird themselves for action, and put their trust in God.

## SHEEPS' CLOTHING

IT may be that very few Communists are occupying key-posts in the Government service. The evidence in the hands of the public is meager. But the charge has been made so often that the public, even in the absence of compelling evidence, is beginning to believe it true.

For that reason, a joint Congressional committee, intelligent enough to recognize clues where it sees them, and brave enough to follow them to the end, could do much to help civilian morale at this time. Millions of Americans believe that a Communist in the public service is as dangerous as a Nazi. Communists and Nazis alike detest the American ideals of freedom guaranteed by our Federal and State Constitutions, and are pledged to replace them by totalitarianism. The fact that at the moment Russia is at war with Germany may check the Communist's activity, but not his principles.

From time to time the Dies Committee has supplied the names of Communists, and of sympathizers with Communism, who are on the Federal payroll. As far as the public is aware, no official notice has been taken by the Government. According to H. H. Chaillaux, director of the American Legion Committee on Americanism, in a number of States, among them California and New York, Communist groups have been urging their members to aim at key-posts in the local Civil Defense organizations. If Mr. Chaillaux must be discredited, as a member of the American Legion, the testimony of a national weekly Review which has always supported radical and "left-wing" movements, may be acceptable. This publication reports that "it is now easier than ever" for Communists and fellow-travelers to secure positions in Government service.

This Government has adopted a policy of military aid to Russia as a necessary part of its war-program. But that policy does not make the presence of Communists in Federal offices less dangerous than it was before December 7, 1941. Aid to an army fighting our enemy is one thing, but encouragement to men and women who hate the liberties that are typically American is quite another.

It was a great American who issued the order: "Put none but Americans on guard." That order should be reissued.



## PROFITEERS

AS the records show, very few young Americans oppose conscription. They regret the causes which have made it necessary, and they hate war, but they recognize their duty to obey the law. Here and there, some refuse to serve, alleging conscientious objections. But not one has refused on the ground that the soldier's pay is too small.

Every war has its profiteers. But they are never in the army. Profiteers always stay safely behind the lines, where the money is.

The profiteer is not necessarily the product of Wall Street. He does not always sit behind a flat-top desk, and work through lobbyists at Washington. Sometimes he is a man who follows a plough, and sometimes he works in a factory. A profiteer is a non-combatant who uses the needs of his country as a means of making money.

As the President said in his address on March 9, the American people "are keenly aware of the situation in which they find themselves, and they are wholeheartedly and entirely committed to action." That, of course, is perfectly true. But just as at all times, the people are harassed to a greater or less degree by law-breakers, so are they exposed at a time of war to the depredations of the profiteer.

These profiteers, the President believes, are not numerous. But they have been numerous enough to impede, on several occasions, the vigorous action to which we must commit ourselves, if this war is not to end with the triumph of the Axis Powers. If, to quote the President again, "a few business men, or a few workers, or a few farmers, are demanding and getting more than they should," the American people who are giving all that they have to win this war, are entitled to ask summary action to prevent the growth of these few into a horde.

Legislation which can suppress the profiteering business man is already on the books. Care in awarding Government contracts, backed by a few vigorous prosecutions, will soon remove the business profiteer. But is Congress strong enough to beat down the farm-bloc profiteers? Has it the courage to establish a labor policy which will make labor profiteering not only unprofitable, but extremely dangerous?

The time to act is not next year, but now.

## MORE AND HIGHER TAXES

WHAT everybody knows about taxes is that he does not like to pay them. In that we are all experts. What everybody should know about taxes is that we are going to pay a heavier tax every year that the war lasts.

Two or three other points about taxes are worth our consideration, and the consideration of Congress. Jefferson once wrote that it seemed to pass the wit of man to invent an equitable tax. It seemed to him that in the long run the tax brought the heaviest burden to the poor man; the man in all the community least able to bear it. Another point to be remembered about taxation in general is that its power to bring in money is very strictly limited. The limit is reached once the rate of taxation exceeds the ability, or even the willingness, of the people to pay. If after this the rate is lifted, the returns diminish. All the blood that can be extracted has been squeezed out, and thereafter the Government will be obliged to raise its money either by borrowing it from the people, or by simply taking it away from them.

Either process is open to objection. Governments must not only pay back what was borrowed, but must pay interest, just as Tom, Dick, or Harry must pay interest. The Government can, of course, refuse to meet its obligations, but that is not desirable, even from the Government's viewpoint, since it impairs the Government's credit, and makes future borrowings more difficult. As for the forthright method of raising money by taking it away from the citizen, that is not usually practicable, first, because the money would be insufficient to meet the Government's needs, and in the second place, confiscation is apt to goad the people into rebellion. The ultimate secret of taxation, as some have held, is so to hide the tax that the people can be induced to believe that they are not being taxed. This is a Machiavellian theory, but most governments try to follow it.

We never held in high esteem the philosophy of the old politician who was always ready to cheer the Grand Old Flag and a bigger pork-barrel appropriation. If all the pigs that have been wrapped in the flag since the days of Betsy Ross were to be lined up, pig after pig, they would probably girdle the globe, or, at any rate, would present an amazing spectacle indeed. But while we do not favor appropriations for pork, particularly since pork is most unhealthy in war, we are beginning to favor, not larger appropriations, but larger tax-bills.

Some beginning has already been made. A famous baseball player lately refused to sign his contract because the designated salary will make him practically a beggar. If he works for \$40,000 per season, the State and Federal Governments will take away from him about \$23,000, and he will be left with an insignificant \$17,000. Still, backed by \$17,000, he ought to be able to keep the wolf at a respectable distance from his door. This puny salary will not, however, permit him to purchase as much in the way of knick-knacks as formerly, and

thus he may console himself with the reflection that the \$23,000 which the Government takes will help to protect him and the rest of us against inflation, the fiercest of all economic wolves.

But higher taxes on large incomes are not enough. The base should be widened to take in the smaller incomes as well. For the period of this emergency, at least, we shall have to part company with the old theory of taxation for revenue only, in favor of the theory of taxation (plus other things) for the avoidance of inflation. At present, the Treasury opposes any change in the exemption of married people with less than \$1,500 income, and of single people whose income is less than \$750, but urges doubling the present rate for incomes in the middle and higher brackets. A House that comes up for re-election next November hates to imperil its chances by a lift in the tax-rate. But these are unusual times, and the members may be able to show their constituents the benefits of higher taxation.

Yet higher taxes alone will not do much to stave off inflation. True, they will keep many from buying what they would otherwise buy, but not all. Control measures for the avoidance of inflation must be inclusive. In our judgment, if we are going to put a ceiling on prices, we must also put a ceiling on wages. Decreased production plus increased purchasing power is a bad combination. Where only a few objects can be purchased the bidding will be sharp, if not in the ordinary marts of trade, then in the black market. Decreased production plus increased purchasing power in the hands of one class will work to the detriment not only of the Government's 2,000,000 civil-service wage-earners, who can hope for no increase, but, ultimately, to the detriment of all wage-earners.

If we are to continue this war, and we must, three things seem inevitable. First, higher taxes; next a ceiling on prices, profits and wages; and third, strict rationing of all commodities. That system will not provide us with a feast, but it may and probably will, secure for all of us a frugal meal.

## BEES WORK OVERTIME

LAST year the American bee lived up to the reputation of his forebears, and even improved upon it. Dr. Watts would be agreeably surprised, could he learn how this busy insect improved each shining hour in 1941. Just how many hundreds of millions of pounds of honey were laid up, we have forgotten, but the curious can probably obtain the information on application not to the Secretary of Labor, as would seem appropriate, but to the Secretary of Agriculture.

Inhabitants of the West Coast will be pleased to learn that the largest amount was turned in by the California bee who easily outdistanced his nearest competitors from Minnesota and Iowa. We hope that these industrious creatures, innocent of strikes, walk-outs and demands for more money and shorter hours, are properly appreciated by our War Production Board at Washington. Mr. Nelson ought to recommend them for an "E" award of merit.

## NOT OF GOD

THE portion of the Gospel which is read tomorrow (Saint John, viii, 46-59) is taken from a long discourse in which Our Lord not only told the Jews that He came from God, but openly proclaimed that He was God. Often they interrupted Him, and when He affirmed in solemn words which they could not possibly misunderstand, "Amen, amen, I say to you, before Abraham came to be, I am," they took up stones to kill Him as a blasphemer.

When we study the Gospels, which bring before us the merciful and loving Son of God as He goes about among the people, we wonder how anyone could have hated Him. "Which of you can convict me of sin?" He might have asked at any time from Nazareth to Calvary. He had shown His omnipotence by healing the sick, and even by calling back the dead to life. Lazarus, the little daughter of Jairus, the son of the widow of Naim, were not imaginary figures, and the story of these miracles had spread throughout the land. He had consoled the afflicted, lifted up the sinner and preached the good news of the redemption of Israel. Yet many did hate Him, and did not stop hating Him, even when they stood beneath the Cross on Calvary, and heard His prayer for His executioners. They hated Him because His infinite holiness was a continued rebuke to their wickedness. "The reason why you do not hear is that you are not of God."

It sometimes seems that this world is controlled by men who are not of God. For nineteen centuries, the Church has been persecuted, at times by fire, the rack, the scaffold and the sword, and at other times by legislation skilfully designed to hinder and, if possible, to destroy her work in carrying on the mission confided to her by her Founder. These same men, who will not hear Christ, try to replace Christ's law of love of God and of our neighbor by social devices which, because they recognize neither that Christ is God nor that all men are brothers, tend to destroy religion and morality. From their philosophy spring quarrels among brethren, hatred among nations and the frightfulness of war. For those who will not hear the word of Christ can never know the peace of Christ.

But there is little profit, and much peril, in mourning over the wickedness that men do, unless we first bewail the evil that we ourselves have done, and still do. The world will begin to be better only when men and women begin to reform themselves. "To reform" does not mean merely to turn away from sin. It was not enough for the Prodigal Son to leave the husks upon which he had fed; it was necessary for him to rise up and plod wearily along the road that led to his father's house. True reform means turning away from evil that we may turn to God, to receive from Him forgiveness of our sins, to learn from Him what is His Will for us, and then to obey it in all things.

Has this holy season of Lent, now drawing to a close, brought us farther along the road that leads to our Father's house? Time passes swiftly, but in one moment of realization we can rise up and go back to Him.



# LITERATURE AND ARTS

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## OLIVERS NEED MORE

CHARLES A. BRADY

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A RECENT review in AMERICA (January 10) of Christopher Hollis' *Noble Castle* described the great classic poets as "a wistful queue of pitiful, cosmic Oliver Twists, adrift amid the interstellar spaces of Lucretius' *candida sidera*, plaintively asking for more than their own insufficiency had given them." Our contemporary revolutionary poets are in much the same plight, with this atmospheric difference, that the begging bowls of Catullus and Vergil were of beaten gold, and something in their paladin gesture makes the reader think of Oliver, the Peer, quite as often as of Oliver, the Pauper. Messrs. Auden and Spender are rather of the lineage of Gavroche, the urchin of the barricades, and their porringers might have belonged to Raskolnikov, the Moscow student.

But like the ancients, and like Oliver, they are crying "More!" Spender, more particularly, is quef-ulous—that is, in his poetry. His prose of late has become a sort of incantation to charm a mess of homeopathic pottage from the witches' gruel-caldron of events into his own outstretched dish. His contribution to the new series, *Penguin New Writing*, enumerates the new themes for great literature that are escaping in ghostly steam from the unsavory stir-about of the present. Among them are:

... the situation of the individual, believing in justice, who is defeated by the forces of centralized political power. ... The tragedy of judges who refuse to believe that justice serves the end of the omnipotent State, of scientists who refuse to conform to the myth of the superiority of one race and the inferiority of others, of Christians who refuse to abandon their religious freedom.

New themes, O hungry Oliver? Not so new as you think.

There was a man who walked in Lambeth once, and watched from an upper chamber a little pageant play itself out in the garden below, where my lords, the Prelates of Christendom, were acting in motley the prolog to the five-act drama upon whose catastrophe the curtain is coming down today to the thunder of kettledrums, and the cheering of all the little apprentice Olivers tossing up their caps in the pit. He gave the answer over four centuries ago to the first, second and fourth of Mr. Spender's new situations in the calm and measured reply to my Lord of Westminster, the enigmatic Cranmer: "I am not then bounden to change my conscience and conform it to the Council of one realm, against the general Council of Christendom."

Mr. Spender tries hard to be a good European,

and his concern for the international ideal is reflected in his third situation, that of the scientist who refuses "to conform to the myth of the superiority of one race and the inferiority of others." That man who walked by the river at Lambeth in the quiet of the noon-day heat was a good European, too. He told his son-in-law Roper, once, that upon condition that three things were well established in Christendom, would to our Lord, "I were put in a sack and here presently cast into the Thames." The first of these things was "that whereas the most part of Christian princes be at mortal war, they were all at universal peace."

Moreover, he wrote a book when he was young, a book that is today among the Marxist scriptures. The man who walked at Lambeth had other scriptures to meditate upon than this pleasant toy of a summer afternoon, when he strolled upon the leads and watched the stars with his King, or prayed on Saints' days in his chapel at Chelsea; but it is a noble volume, none the less. It is written in Latin by the greatest of Englishmen; its hero is Portuguese; it is dedicated to a Town Clerk of Antwerp; and it was published in German, Italian and French, before it appeared in English.

The Olivers of the world cry out for More; they slew him four hundred years ago.

## POEMS THAT UPLIFT

JOSEPH J. REILLY

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MANY years ago, when a college undergraduate, I came upon a brief poem in a current magazine which delighted me and has remained in memory ever since. The poet's name was only vaguely familiar but ironically enough I was to find myself three years later on the English staff of the college to whose presidency he was named in the interval. This is the poem which won me:

### ON THE WAY TO THE BOURNE

I'd have the driving rain upon my face,—  
Not pelting its blunt arrows at my back,  
Goaded with blame along its ruthless track,  
But flinging me defiance in the race.  
And I would go at such an eager gait  
That whatsoe'er may fall from heaven of woe  
Shall not pursue me as some coward foe,  
But challenge me—that I may face my fate.

There is revealed the courage of Henley's famous *Invictus*, without the swaggering self-confidence which evoked the gibe of James Whitcomb Riley. "I am the captain of my fate," sang the boastful Henley. "The devil you are," retorted the irreverent Hoosier.

The more modest poet of whom I write was endowed with enormous energies and many talents: he was internationally known as an educator, a journalist, an administrator and an historian, and his name is associated with the City College of New York, the *New York Times*, *The French in the Heart of America* (a fine study crowned by the *Académie Française*), and the International Red Cross, in whose service he went to Palestine in 1918 as Commissioner for the Near East. He was a great American and in the best sense a citizen of the world. Because his mind was always open to beauty, his heart responsive to the hopes and aspirations of man, and his imagination capable of transmuting the commonplace into the significant, seeing the stars in wayside pools and "heaven in a wild flower," he was a poet. His name? John H. Finley.

The recently published volume of his poetry covers the long period from his late twenties (one suspects that he suppressed considerable earlier verse, for he was modest and his standards exacting) until 1940, the year of his death, and reveals a man singularly true to himself. He had time for nature but not for pessimism, keen eyes for beauty but not for ugliness. Like Hazlitt and Thoreau, he loved long walks, finding companionship in his own thoughts, in the beauty of wayside flowers, in clouds that drifted lazily across the sky, in the shifting shadow-patterns upon the hills, in the fragrance of the tilled earth, and in the prospect of a friendly hearth at the end of the day.

John Finley was not only many-sided but his spiritual and intellectual roots were deep and far-reaching. In his blood were the independence of his Scotch ancestry, their sense of duty and acceptance of discipline; his love of literature ranged from the Greek classics to the best of his contemporaries in prose and verse. His own prose was touched with poetry, whether it were in a formal address, an after-dinner toast, or an editorial in the *Times* where, behind the veil of anonymity, it glowed like a jewel.

His poems form the eloquent record of that side of him which was hidden from the multitudes who knew only of his deeds in the world of affairs.

John Finley's travels in Palestine combined with his deep religious sense to inspire a sheaf of poems touched by beauty and profound emotion. As with Chesterton, not only were his thoughts and feelings fresh as spring flowers but they were possible only to a man whose spirit was no stranger to the Holy City. What had long been a reality to his imagination became at last a reality to his eager eyes. Vigor and the deep joy of hope fulfilled are in *Armageddon*; a sense of the worthlessness of life without immortality and of immortality without love in *Ain Karim*; in *I Walked One Night in the Shepherd's Field* a solemn and consoling conviction which brings inward peace even in the midst of war. Perhaps the most poignant of all the poems in this group is

#### THE FIRST KNIGHT OF THE HOLY CROSS

And as they led Him away, they laid hold upon  
one Simon, a Cyrenian, a countryman, and on him  
they laid the cross that he might bear it after Jesus.

A countryman he was from far away  
Who happened in the Holy Town that day,  
Swarthy from hot Cyrene's sun, and strong  
To bear the fresh-hewn fragrant tree along  
The dolorous way that led to Calvary,—  
The first cross-bearer of humanity.

O Knight of Christ, compelled to lift the load  
For Him! What radiance fell upon thy road  
When He but looked to thee in gratitude  
And made of those crossed beams the Holy Rood!  
What swift, sweet passion filled thy giant frame  
When He said, "Follow Me," and spoke thy name!

The revelation of John Finley's religious sense did not wait upon his visit to the Holy Land in 1918-19, but appears in many other poems both before and after that event such as *Matins*, *The Sepulchre in the Garden*, *My Rosary* and *The Time of Evening Sacrifice*, one of the most distinguished of his poems which recalls Henley's *Margaritae Sorori* in its serene dignity and Francis Thompson in its imagery and its tone of exalted reverence.

A hundred years ago the question as to whether the progress of science would hamper poetry was considered by critics and poets and answered affirmatively by Keats, Hazlitt and Tennyson and negatively by Wordsworth and Leigh Hunt. The poet, said Wordsworth finely, "will be ready to follow the steps of the men of science whose remotest discoveries will be as proper objects of the poet's art as any upon which it can be employed." Wordsworth's optimism and vision, so eloquently revealed in that prediction, comes to mind as one reads the poems of John Finley which celebrate the airplane in exultant and glowing words. Here is a stanza from *Via Dei*, the phrase meaning "the thousand ways that led from palace and from cell toward the Holy Land":

But with the wings of morning I  
A "Via Dei" of the sky  
Have found, amid the paths of light  
Where airmen make their pilgrim flight  
High in the Heav'ns—the ways ne'er trod  
Save by the glowing feet of God  
Above The Holy Land. . . .  
And then I saw Jerusalem  
Lying an opalescent gem,  
Or breastplate, 'mid the ephod's blue  
And gold and purple ambient hue—  
A city from the skies let down  
To be henceforth the whole earth's crown  
Set 'mid The Holy Land.

John Finley's loves did not cease with friends and home and books and nature in all her manifestations. As Dickens loved London he loved the imperial city of the West where in contrast to the ancient antagonisms of the old world many races center and "Forget long hates in one consummate faith." He loved his country with a fervor which ennoble his sonnet, *Like Castles Stand the Battered Walls of France*, wherein he sees in every American youth a symbol and a pledge of the greatness of his country's future.

To read these poems is to commune with a lofty spirit. For it is to feel one's mind cleared, the bonds of human compassion strengthened, devotion to all things that are lovely and of good report rekindled, one's faith restored. In these days when nations struggle beneath their cross and darkness descends upon their children what praise can be higher?



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## THE CHILD AND THE BOOK

What Anthony saw  
I, being what I am, shall never see:  
The Vision. All my ardor and my awe  
Suffice not, lacking innocent simplicity.

Yet drawn from books,  
Or the sweet patient travail of the mind,  
Even on me that Child has turned His looks:  
I know Him present, hear Him though my eyes are blind.

Ah, Child Divine,  
Begild the page I read and guide my pen.  
And, Seat of Wisdom, pray the Word may shine—  
Blessing me so—and beam through me on other men.  
THEODORE MAYNARD

## WILD GREENS

Along the old creek road  
The sunshine calls  
Little old ladies  
With pails and shawls,

Brisk little ladies,  
Grandmothers and wives,  
Cutting wild greens  
With their paring knives.

Lambsquarter, dandelion,  
Kale and dock,  
Sociably gathered  
By ten o'clock.

With chatting and laughter  
And hearts in tune—  
And served with bacon  
The same high noon!

MARY LOUISE KEMPE

## ENGLISH SPARROW IN MY BARN

You peskiness and pest—  
You percher on my rafters—  
You hungry hider from the cold—  
You drab and toneless cheeper,  
What good are you to me?

You're no lark for song—  
Your melody is monotone.  
Your diet craves no bugs—  
You raid, instead, my bins  
And clamor in my mow.  
You minor scourge,  
Who sent you here to live?  
Why should I hang suet here for you?

You're the bird I see in snow,  
Dropping dead in blizzards;  
Hence the suet and the bread crumbs,  
In payment for your courage  
And companionable thievery.

TED J. KALLSEN

## CALL TO STARS

O far and leagued with immortality,  
Primer of distance to the prentice mind  
That in neglect of learning counts you friend,  
Affirms you kind,  
Takes you for weather-sign and wishing-spell,  
Sets you above  
The birth of kings, makes your integrity  
An annotation for the night of love;

Or thorned and cold in the imperfect dawn,  
Lost in the storm and found incredibly;  
Unsure, ill-seen,  
Yet mark of our extremest constancy:  
"Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art,"  
Avers the young, undying voice again—  
Thus we indenture you. Be witness still:  
Our nights grow longer, God's good gentlemen.

SISTER MARY JEREMY

## CHARLES OF ORLEANS RE-READ

His war, his grief for France are dim  
As battles worked in tapestry;  
But one thread still shines gold for us:  
"*Priez pour paix, douce Vierge Marie*"—

For us who weep for Christendom  
That leans, like Joan, upon the Name,  
Against the treachery of her own,  
Holding a citadel of flame.

MARY CECILE IONS

## INVADER

Winter-time, that old invader  
Drove into our town last night,  
Wrote commands upon my window,  
Signed his signature in white.

Farms and meadows, lanes and gardens  
Knew that battle was no use  
So in silence they surrendered  
To a snow incusted truce.

GERTRUDE RYDER BENNETT

## INTERNEED IN NORWAY

Vanes still flame across our lovely valley,  
Varney's Bridge to Milford and beyond,  
Violet and silver-gloom the dusk  
Veils as of old the low fields by the pond.

Vocal, feathered-white and torrent-going  
Valley streams run silver through the Fall  
Vistas. O my brother, my brother  
Verily, no news, no news at all.

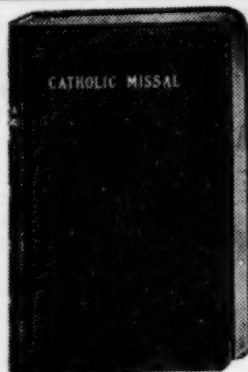
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**SECOND SPRING CHARTED**

THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL IN ENGLAND. By John J. O'Connor. The Macmillan Co. \$1

THE Christendom Series, to which this volume belongs, is a series of popular books on important historical topics, prepared under the auspices of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, and intended as collateral reading for students. So far the volumes issued have fulfilled the promises of their editors, who have performed a distinct service in producing them.

The subject of this book is one of the major events in the history of the Church since the French Revolution. To understand its development and its significance, we must know the obstacles it encountered within and without the fold. That knowledge will increase our admiration for what has already been done, and give ground for confidence that the future will see an even greater development.

The change in the Catholic position between the death of Bishop Challoner in 1781 and the death of Cardinal Manning in 1892 was so great that it almost seemed miraculous. Much of the credit for this belongs to the three great Cardinals, Wiseman, Manning and Newman, who built so solidly on the foundation laid by Challoner and O'Connell. Wiseman and Manning were great ecclesiastical statesmen who gave the new See of Westminster the prestige it still enjoys. In them and in Cardinal Vaughan each of the three groups of Catholics in England, the Irish, the converts and the old English Catholics, contributed an outstanding leader. The chief problem facing Wiseman and Manning was to fuse these three disparate groups into one body and to lead the old Catholics out of the ghetto, the doors of which had been broken open by O'Connell, into the general stream of English life. Each group had something to contribute and something to sacrifice. There was real need of inspired leadership, and fortunately it was provided. The figure of Manning looms larger through the years and fifty years after his death his social work still bears fruit.

This book should be very useful to students, who will find it accurate, clear, brief and impartial. There is one mistake, due to a misprint; England ceased to be subject to Propaganda in 1908, not 1918. FLORENCE D. COHALAN

**FIRST SPRING GARbled**

JOSEPHUS AND THE EMPEROR. By Leon Feuchtwanger. Translated from the German by Caroline Oram. The Viking Press. \$2.75

JOSEPHUS is, of course, Flavius Josephus, historian of the Jewish people. A Jew, born in Judea about the year 37 A.D., Josephus became the Doctor Joseph Ben Matthias, Priest of Jerusalem. After the destruction of the Holy City, he was brought captive to Rome by Vespasian, and later evolved into Flavius Josephus, Roman knight. The Emperor of the book is Domitian, son of Vespasian and brother of Titus, whom he succeeded on the throne. This book is the third of a trilogy and with the two preceding volumes, *Josephus* and *The Jew of Rome*, completes in fictional form the biography of Josephus.

The book is long—some four hundred and fifty pages. As fiction it is good enough and, though not thrillingly interesting, it does, because of its form, its shrewd psychological delineation of character and its wealth of erudition, carry the reader along in leisurely fashion. At times it is offensively vulgar and sensuous.

Considered as history, the book has a more serious



defect. It is frequently biased, more often perhaps by suggestion than by direct assertion. The author is a Jew and has short shrift for the Christians. According to him, they are "Eastern philosophers"; Christianity is a sect cut off from the Jewish people by the Grand Doctor and High Priest, Gamaliel; moreover, according to the author, Christians as such were never persecuted under Domitian. Other Roman Emperors had been deified after death, but Domitian was the first who proclaimed his divinity while still living. He was the "Lord and God Domitian." His rival and foe was the God Jehovah; the followers of Jehovah were the Jews. Theirs was the false religion and so his persecutions were not anti-Christian but anti-Semitic. Thus Domitian:

The Jewish religion denies the basic principle which unites all the other nations of the Empire, namely the principle that the Godhead is manifest in the Emperor . . . to confess that faith and to practice its rites is permissible to all who are born of that people and of that faith. It is not permitted that this superstition be spread . . . whoever wishes to make a convert to the *Jewish religion by word or by knife of circumcision* is committing a crime against the majesty of Rome and of the Emperor.

The special ordinances of Domitian were "against the Jews; for the chastisement of the insolent Jews. What this third Flavian was planning went deeper; it went against the soul of Jewry, against the Book, against the Law."

Nor do they fare well in this book whose memory is sacred in Christian annals as martyrs for their Faith. The Roman Senator Glabrio "was a peaceful man; . . . that he occupied himself a great deal with *exotic philosophy, especially with the doctrine of the Christians*, was regarded by most people as a lovable eccentricity"; and he was put to death "because he followed the false faith of the Jews." Poor Flavia Domitilla is "the thin, blond, fanatical young woman" who, as the years pass, becomes a veritable fanatical hag. Flavius Clemens, the cousin of the Emperor, the husband of Domitilla, fares even worse.

It was not only natural and religious considerations of such a general nature which enraged the Emperor against Clemens. Rather it offended him that this lazy, slack fellow Clemens would not recognize his, Domitian's, divinity. *Not that Clemens would have directly denied the Emperor's divinity; he was even willing to sacrifice to the Emperor's image as the law demanded. . . .* Everything about the phlegmatic man irritated Domitian. He could never reproach him enough for his lazy spineless personality. What made the strongest impression on Clemens *in the teaching of the Christians were the dark prophecies of the Sybils.*" [The italics are all the reviewer's.]

These historical distortions make the volume too misleading to be of worth. ARTHUR J. SHEEHAN

## STORY OF OUR GOOD EARTH

OUR LANDED HERITAGE. By Roy M. Robbins. Princeton University Press. \$5

ON February 5, 1935, when President Roosevelt, by an executive order, withdrew all Federal lands from private entry, the history of the public domain, which began in 1776, came to an end. Over a period of little more than a century and a half, the original Thirteen States had pushed beyond the Appalachians, across the Mississippi and over the Rocky Mountains to the shores of the Pacific. Although in the course of this movement the richest land in the world had been settled and developed, the end of the process found, ironically, the nation wallowing in the trough of an unprecedented economic depression. Somewhere, something had gone very wrong.

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In the development of the public domain, the author discerns four main periods. During the first, which lasted from 1780 to 1850, the individual pioneer, homesteader or speculator, was the predominant figure. In the second period, from 1850 to 1862, the corporation rose to challenge individuals for the right to exploit the national heritage; and before Lincoln was elected, it was evident that the corporation, assisted by the boundless largesse of the Federal Government, would win. Thus began the period of corporate control which lasted to 1901 and was characterized by the most ruthless kind of exploitation. By the end of this period, "rugged individualism" had all but destroyed individual enterprise, and monopoly everywhere threatened the future of the West.

With the advent, however, of Theodore Roosevelt, the growing chorus of criticism found a legislative audience, and a program of conservation was inaugurated. Despite a long fight with Western interests, despite, too, the oil scandals of the Harding Administration, the final period in the history of the public domain saw the forces of conservation ultimately victorious.

Finally, with the second Roosevelt, the public domain, or rather what was left of it, was closed to settlers. The frontier had disappeared.

*Our Landed Heritage* is an important book, scholarly, judicious and well written. If you can afford only one book on the history of the public domain, this one is recommended.

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER. By Raissa Maritain. Longmans, Green and Co. \$2.50

IT is seldom that a book of memoirs combines the charm, intelligence and clear analysis of men and philosophies that Raissa Maritain contributes to this small volume, or that such an auto-biographical "remembrance of things past" is written without the sentimentality, muddle-headedness, and naturalism of our contemporary novelists. Born in Russia of Jewish parentage, the author was brought, at the age of ten, to France where she proceeded to distinguish herself scholastically, and at sixteen was permitted to enter the Sorbonne.

There it was that she met Jacques Maritain, and the intellectuals with whom her book is for the most part concerned: Bergson, Péguy, Psichari, Léon Bloy, Georges Rouault, and many of the well known scientists of the day. The rationalistic outlook of some of these latter thinkers, and the still unsatisfied hunger for the truth in the Maritains compelled them to look elsewhere for philosophical and spiritual satisfaction, and in 1906 they were converted to Catholicism. Thereafter, the book continues with reminiscences of old and new friends, and concludes with an analysis of the spiritual position as it appeared to the author in 1909.

Some readers will undoubtedly disagree with Madame Maritain's expert if personalized appraisal of the philosophy of Henri Bergson; others will be made to wonder about her espousal of the literary vagaries of Léon Bloy whose highly debatable, if not completely contradictory ideas in his *Le Salut par les Juifs* she seems inordinately to admire: but they will have to admit that on these subjects she has done some of her most stimulating and provocative writing.



It is to be hoped that Madame Maritain will be able to fulfil her intention of bringing these memoirs up to date, for in this first volume she has presented an extraordinary picture of the spiritual growth of a human soul and its subsequent coming of age. PAUL J. HAAS

**THE FIREDRAKE.** By Elgin Groseclose. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.50

A FOREWORD explains that this is to be a biographical account of a mid-nineteenth-century American novelist, Abigail Carfax, much esteemed in her day, now forgotten. Your reviewer has failed to find mention of any Abigail Carfax in biographical dictionaries or histories of American literature, and is left to suppose either that Abigail has managed to elude every one of the thousands of doctorate seekers, or that he was neatly taken in by the Foreword and the tale itself.

The firedrake of the title is the "mystery of fascination," the fiery-eyed dragon of the fens who lures the adventurous from the path of duty. Abigail, young wife of a New England sect's missionary, leaves her saintly husband in Persia, to accompany their two children back to Massachusetts for their education. Her gift for story telling helps to fill her lonely hours in Boston; she sells her first novel, and it is immediately successful; her subsequent novels meet with even wider acclaim. Her success leads her to neglect her children, to become more and more reluctant to return to the frugal life in far-off Persia.

There is a strain of honest spirituality running through the tale which, with a well built plot, and in spite of several awkward passages of "background material," make this a better-than-ordinary bit of C-plus fiction. R. F. GRADY

**LIVING BIOGRAPHIES OF GREAT SCIENTISTS.** By Henry Thomas and Dana Lee Thomas. Garden City Publishing Co. \$1.98

BEGINNING with Archimedes and ending with Einstein, the authors of "Living Biographies" give us, in some 300 pages, the highlights in the lives of twenty of the "great" in Science. The treatment for the most part emphasizes the personality rather than the work of the individuals concerned and it is in this "human interest" aspect that the book excels.

With regard to the particular selection made, it is not surprising that many who deserve inclusion have been omitted merely for lack of space, but this makes one wonder why Haeckel, known primarily for his monistic Godless Philosophy, has been allowed to displace others truly great in the fields of positive science. We can also detect a similar sense of distorted values when Columbus, Luther and Copernicus are classed together as "seekers rather than fighters."

The story of Galileo is treated with the expected superficiality and includes the usual crop of misstatements and biased "asides" which purport to show the intolerance of the Church and her Cardinals. Darwin's *Origin of the Species* is characterized as the book which "swept away the story of Adam and Eve in a deluge of scientific data," and Einstein's relativity is identified with the Pantheism of Spinoza.

However, Mendel and Pasteur fare somewhat better at the hands of our authors, and the three words, "will, work and wait," which were the three cornerstones on which the son of the tanner built his success, are skillfully woven into the pattern which is the life of the one who proved that "life alone can produce life."

There are many quotable paragraphs and statements in this book of sketches, among them being the remarkable prediction of Steinmetz, electrical wizard and socialistic idealist, made in the early nineteen-twenties, to the effect that: "It is precisely through the expansion of capitalism that we shall bring about state socialism. Eventually private ownership will give away to government ownership under private management." We wonder if Steinmetz's biographers would hazard a guess as to how long we must wait for this eventuality?

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# THEATRE

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN. For some time past a number of theatregoers in New York have been enjoying a quietly conducted entertainment given at the St. James Theatre by the Boston Comic Opera Company. It was weeks before many of us heard much about it. It did little advertising, and its sad lack of press representatives was sharply shown by the fact that it sent no seats to AMERICA's dramatic critic. It is long since any responsible theatrical company has omitted a duty as flagrantly as that! As a result of all this, though I am a warm admirer of Gilbert and Sullivan, I remained genuinely uninterested in the fact that some operas of theirs were on our New York stage.

Then one night, and quite by chance, I noticed that *Iolanthe*, my favorite opera on the Gilbert-Sullivan list, was being given here. I strolled into the St. James, bought my favorite seat in the first row (which all our other theatrical producers give me, of course!) and waited to be shown what the company was doing to *Iolanthe*.

What it was doing was so good that my sense of injury vanished in the first five minutes. I enjoyed *Iolanthe* and the way it was presented. And—this is the climax of a poignant human experience—I ended by going, within the next fortnight, to all the other offerings on the company's list—*The Mikado*, *The Pirates of Penzance*, *The Gondoliers*, and *Pinafore*. Also—once more I stress this tragic note—I paid for my tickets. I could have had them, I suppose, for the asking; I did not ask. But I did enjoy all the operas, and now that I have got round to them let me add something along the line of coals of fire that ought to burn the producers' heads.

Any Gilbert and Sullivan offerings for the next hundred years will probably be compared, and greatly to their disadvantage, to the superb Winthrop Ames productions of several years ago. We shall never see their like again. I hope the knowledge and general admission of their record-breaking and breath-taking beauty comforted Mr. Ames for the money he is said to have lost on them. Like the audiences at the Metropolitan Opera House, his audiences were large and extremely enthusiastic; but also, as in the Metropolitan's experience, his expenses were larger than his receipts. He dreamed a dream that came true in his productions; but the financial awakening must have given him a jolt! However, he had the comfort of knowing his productions had never been equaled, and that, in all probability, they never would be.

There isn't much left to say about the operas themselves, with their lasting fascination and their memories for almost every one. But one can praise the neat productions, the sets and costumes, and one can award palms to many members of the present company. Florenz Ames is its leading comedian, and a very good one. The Roche sisters, Kathleen and Mary, with their excellent voices and attractive personalities, have won definite success here. Then there is Robert Pitkin, who can play any role and do it beautifully. There is also Morton Bowe, the young lover in all the operas, with a fine voice and an attractive presence. Helen Lanvin, who has to be Little Buttercup and Katisha and other unattractive characters, plays and sings admirably all her roles. One ought to mention every member of the company, for they're all good; but one must not pass over Bertram Peacock, Marie Valdez and Phyllis Blake.

Several times since its arrival months ago, the Boston Comic Opera Company has thoughtlessly tried to leave us for promised engagements in Boston, Chicago and elsewhere. The latest news is that it will remain with us "indefinitely"! That ought to mean through the summer, if people can appreciate really good things.

ELIZABETH JORDAN



# FILMS

**THE COURTSHIP OF ANDY HARDY.** The continued popularity of this series proves that film audiences do not object to didactic pictures as long as they do not learn anything from them. Each of the Hardy films has succeeded in saying something sound and intelligent about family life without influencing either public morals or other producers, chiefly because of the necessity of drawing entertaining conclusions from serious premises. In this episode, audience interest will be centered on the irrepressible Andy's playing John Alden to a plain Priscilla while Judge Hardy makes a telling point of the effect of parental strife on children, especially adolescents. The Judge gives Andy the unwelcome task of popularizing the daughter of an estranged couple who has developed an anti-social complex. Andy discovers the attractions in his job only after the girl blossoms out and the competition becomes keen. The happy effect of the Hardy philosophy extends to the embattled parents, and the film ends on reconciliation all around. George Seitz, following a well-defined pattern, has mingled comedy and pathos in popularly unequal portions, and a sub-plot involving the Judge's own daughter gives an opportunity for that rarity, a reasonable temperance lecture. Mickey Rooney continues to dominate the scene with strong rivalry from Lewis Stone in a *family* film. (MGM)

**THE FLEETS IN.** A generally innocuous musical comedy has been salvaged from an originally suspect play, and, while inflexible patriots may find this film a frivolous sidelight on our first line of defense, it makes for a limited gaiety. This sketchy story has a confident but hardly chivalrous sailor wagering that he can make a romantic conquest at the expense of an orchestra singer, and his task is simple enough until he falls in love and she discovers the bet. After those complications, a full-dress riot is required to convince the singer that she should continue to wear the sailor's engagement ring. Victor Schertzinger has handled the musical moments with familiar deftness, which compensates for the fact that the plot is all but whistled away. The frequent interruptions of song and dance entertainment make the picture seem longer than it is, which is long enough to spread the quality of its humor rather thinly. Dorothy Lamour and William Holden are effective romantic leads, with Eddie Bracken providing comedy, and Barbara Hutton, Cass Daley and Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra adding vaudeville touches to an *adult* trifle. (Paramount)

**THE REMARKABLE ANDREW.** A model young man gets into more difficulties than a black sheep in this comedy of small town political chicanery. Victimized by his superiors, the young auditor is championed by the ghost of Andrew Jackson who complicates matters by consuming large amounts of liquor and being confusingly invisible to all save his protégé. When a court trial goes against the honest man, Jackson and a battery of legal shades, including Washington, Jefferson, Justice Marshall and Jesse James, come up with a memory trick which frightens the crooked politicians into hasty retirement. Stuart Heisler steers an entertaining course between realism and whimsical fantasy in retelling Dalton Trumbo's yarn, and Brian Donlevy, William Holden and Ellen Drew are excellent. This is a leisurely but unusual and satisfying *family* comedy. (Paramount)

**BROOKLYN ORCHID.** This is a broad comedy about an entertainer who makes her life a burden for two anglers after they have rescued her from a suicide attempt. Kurt Newman's direction is not subtle and seldom inventive but Skeets Gallagher, Marjorie Woodworth and William Bendix make this fair *adult* amusement. (United Artists)

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## ART

THE Arts Club of Chicago, when one remembers its twenty-odd years of life, is another example of the superior artistic initiative of that city. In many ways the New York Museum of Modern Art has paralleled the Club in the type of art it has exhibited. This art has been preponderantly modern European, with emphasis on that of the "School of Paris." The Club, however, long preceded the Modern Museum in publicising modern art and, under the direction of the late Mrs. John Alden Carpenter, who had the support and discriminating taste of Miss Alice Roullier, the Club attained to a measure of brilliancy in its decor, exhibitions and social affairs.

That both decor and exhibitions had a generally effete character and were unrelated to the American scene, or to the indigenous direction of our architecture and art, was an inevitable consequence of the excessive European orientation that is characteristic of social personages.

The current exhibition, however, shows the Club's response to the need for exhibition material and, like the Modern Museum, it is now giving American artists a showing. This exhibition is called *Nine American Artists*, and paintings by Peter Blume, Vincent Canadé, Jon Corbino, Jared French, Kunioshi, Henry Varnum Poor, Karl Priebe and Frederic Taubes are in it. In connection there is a gallery of those ephemeral and amusing products of Alexander Calder's fertile imagination, which he labels *Stables and Mobiles*. As the naming implies, the former are fixed, while the latter are movable. I regretted the absence of a notation that appeared at another show of Calder's pieces. Instead of the usual warning, "Do Not Touch," the Mobiles, in that show, carried the invitation, "Please Touch." The fantastic gyrations of the Mobiles, when the invitation was followed, were such as to make a child, and some adults, chortle with glee.

While most of the painters represented show works that are of an emasculated, or decadent seeming type, the work of Jon Corbino is a welcome contrast in its full-blooded character. He, at least, paints as if he were not spiritually and physically ill. The balance of the paintings, when not merely dull and negative, have a character that seems to propel one toward the open air, even though that is of the murky Chicago variety, to escape the greater murkiness of these efforts. In the case of the Kunioshi paintings, this lack of buoyancy is somewhat redeemed by a valid feeling for painted form, as well for the sensitive delineation of physical types. In others, like those of Jared French, the plastic forms are inert and static, as well as too lingeringly illustrative of the sensual, rather than the artistic, aspects of nudity. An emphasis on illustration, it may be noted, vitiates the plastic or artistic unity of an art work.

In Corbino's paintings the picture material (personages and scenes) is well subordinated to the painting end. They are rightly regarded as material only and have a delineated emphasis that is secondary to the plastic total. Coupled with this is a painting skill that is so brilliant that there is some danger that it may become objective. Should he escape the danger inherent in painting virtuosity, and bring into control his very attractive exuberance of form and color, the mature work of this painter may possess some of the best qualities of Goya, Delacroix and Renoir. That cheering possibility, however, must wait on time for its fulfilment.

The decor of the new quarters of the Arts Club (they are new to me, at least, it being some years since I last visited it), shows the folly of striving to repeat a purely topical novelty. Time has moved on and what was superficially smart and amusing in the decoration of interiors in the Twenties, becomes dated in these more vigorous, disturbed and eventful Nineteen Forties.

BARRY BYRNE



# CORRESPONDENCE

## BLESSINGS FOR DRINK

EDITOR: My remark that man had been drinking various strong waters ever since the Fall, with my prophecy that the trump of doom would probably startle some rubicund wight with a mug, stein or beaker in his hand, has stirred Mr. Michael J. Ryan, of Boston, to a parallel and a question. Yes, he retorts, and men have been sinning all through the ages, and will probably continue to sin to the end. "But is that any reason why the fight against evil should be ended?" asks Mr. Ryan.

Not at all; but it is no reason why the fight against alcoholic liquors should be continued. Mr. Ryan seems to think that the use of liquor is sinful, but it seems to me that a man can drink a sober cup to the glory of God, and win merit thereby. "Bless, O Lord, this creature, drink, that it may be a salutary remedy to all who partake of it; and through the invocation of Thy Holy Name vouchsafe that all who imbibe it may receive from Thee the gift of health of soul as well as of body. Through Christ Our Lord. Amen."

That blessing for wine I find in my *Rituale Romanum*, but no doubt it can also be used (at least in private) for the blessing of whiskey, without fear of censure by the Sacred Congregation of Rites. As for a blessing for ordinary beer, I submit the following for Mr. Ryan's consideration. "Bless, O Lord, this creature, beer, which Thou has deigned to bring forth from the richness of grain; and through the invocation of Thy Holy Name, vouchsafe that all who drink it may receive health of body and soul. Through Christ Our Lord. Amen."

Let us not find sin, Mr. Ryan, where it does not exist. That assumption makes the fight against sin so much harder.

New York, N. Y.

JOHN WILTBYE

## SOLDIER'S COMRADE

EDITOR: The reading of Mr. Michuda's article, *An American Soldier, A Soldier of Christ* (December 27), prompted this little note from a Catholic young man in the service:

Thank you for the AMERICA. I enjoyed the article very much. You know when I read that I thought it was written by myself. I never read anything which coincided so closely with my own thoughts.

You can't imagine the feelings I had when standing and marching in a pouring rain with everyone around me cursing and swearing and I walked along talking with God about my future, wholly ignorant of the fact that my clothes were getting wetter with every step. I feel so sorry for all these boys who have no one to turn to for help or guidance. I have never yet felt discouraged or mistreated.

Evidently this young man's Catholic training is of some value to him as a soldier.

St. Marys, Kan.

H. M.

## LITURGICAL LATIN COURSE

EDITOR: I would like to call attention to a free course in Liturgical Latin to be given by the Rev. A. Francis Klarman of Brooklyn Cathedral College. This course is sponsored by the Approved Workmen Society.

The aim is to give the average Catholic layman a knowledge of the language of the Church through a simple method of exercises in the rudiments of grammar and vocabulary. A standard text-book has been chosen: the recently published *Diamon's Liturgical Latin*. The course is exclusively for men, old and young.

Those desiring to enroll are asked to call at eight p.m. on Wednesday evenings at the tenth floor of the Willoughby Building, 80 Willoughby Street, in the Borough Hall section of Brooklyn. All transit lines are conveniently located. Further information from: Eugene P. McSweeney, 2267 Crescent St., Astoria, N. Y. Phone RA-venswood 8-5221.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

EUGENE P. MCSWEENEY

## PHILADELPHIA RETREAT BEGINNINGS

EDITOR: Reading the comment on the Laymens' Retreats given in Philadelphia, which appeared in your valued columns in the issue of January 10, I was surprised to find no allusion to their inception and development there being due entirely to Father Shealy's wonderful work. And a sense of loyalty to his memory has made me wishful that some one who knew would tell the true version. Hence, it is a pleasure to find the letter of Mr. McSorley in the January 24 issue.

May I add I have a vivid recollection of the first Retreat—it being my great privilege to be associated with Father Shealy's great work at that time. His enthusiastic admirers in Philadelphia attended in the largest numbers of any of the Retreats he gave elsewhere.

New York, N. Y.

ANGELA M. HANNIGAN

## CANONIZE NEWMAN

EDITOR: What could be more appropriate now when the English-speaking nations are standing shoulder to shoulder in support of those principles which we consider basic to liberty, than for American and English Catholics to work for the canonization of a man who represents all that is best in Christian culture.

John Henry Cardinal Newman was one of those elect souls whom God picked in troubled time to light the way to a new order of religious freedom. Truly, he was tried as in a refiner's fire and no flaw found in him. In these war times when it seems as though Satan were in the saddle, it is a heartening thing to have so many persons give evidence that they still hold to verities.

Cardinal Newman has had a greater influence on Catholic thought than any other Englishman of the past century. Even during his life a tradition began to gather about him in his own country. The man's memory is honored everywhere, his spirit marches on.

New York, N. Y.

HORACE W. FOSTER

EDITOR: Ten years ago, when Chaplain of the Newman Club Federation, I advocated Cardinal Newman's canonization, asked the Clubs of the Federation to have the members pray to the Cardinal daily. These members in the more than 300 Newman Clubs recite the prayer of Cardinal Newman: "May Christ support us all the day long, till the evening come," etc., at every meeting, and they would be delighted, I am certain, to support the cause for the canonization, as I feel certain the members also of the several hundred Junior Newman Clubs in the public high schools would.

Philadelphia, Pa.

REV. JOHN W. KEOGH

(The views expressed under "Correspondence" are the views of the writers. Though the Editor publishes them, he may or may not agree with them; just as the readers may or may not agree with the Editor. The Editor believes that letters should be limited to 300 words. He likes short, pithy letters, and merely tolerates lengthy epistles.)

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## EVENTS

THE heavy-handed impact of Mars smote civilian routine. . . . In Omaha, the city health commissioner decreed that for the duration German measles must be marked in the records as Victory measles. . . . An Oakland, Calif., husband insisted on a permanent blackout in the house. The wife, disliking the dark, sued for divorce. . . . In Long Island, a patriotic gasoline seller erected a flagpole next to his filling-station, raised Old Glory each morning, took it down each night. In the fire house across the way rested a white flag with a large red ball in the center. Because this resembled the Japanese emblem quite closely, its use to announce safe skating on the local pond had been discontinued. One morning, the gasoline man was horrified to see the Rising-Sun flag flapping in the breezes above his filling station. Because the halyards of the pole had been cut, he had to shoot the emblem down. . . . Received last week by a Pittsburgh citizen was a postcard mailed from near Rangoon on November 24. It read: "This is a wonderful country. Wish you were here." . . . In Australia, a widow refused to accept a Government pension check following the death of her soldier husband in the war, explaining that a fortune teller had revealed he was still alive somewhere. . . . Telephone calls from frantic citizens to Newark, N. J., police declared a man was acting suspiciously on a dump near defense plant areas. Four police cars sped to the dump, found a nationally known, seventy-three-year-old artist sketching. Arrested, the artist was later released with apologies. He had selected the dump as a suitable spot for painting an exhibition picture because he "wanted to express the light falling over the turmoil of garbage." . . .

In the *Faerie Queene*, Spenser advised one and all to: "Be bolde, Be bolde, and everywhere, Be bolde." . . . Commenting on the same theme, but with greater detail, Swift, years afterward, exclaimed: "He was a bold man that first eat an oyster." . . . Reported last week was the first recorded instance in which Spenser's strategy was tried on an object much more fearsome than an oyster, to wit, a traffic cop. . . . A Kansas City mother, discussing with a traffic officer the question of a ticket for running past a red light, was embarrassed when her three-year-old son on the auto seat beside her whispered audibly: "Tell him to shut up and go away from here." Muzzled for a second by mother's hand, the youth wriggled free and shouted: "Get out of here and mind your own business." The strategy succeeded. The officer sighed: "I give up. You can go ahead, lady." . . . Another outbreak of boldness occurred in San Jose, Calif., where a husband hung on the front door of his house a sign reading: "Dear Wife. Keep Out. Percy." . . . Another erupted in Brooklyn when a junkman, arrested for taking two brand-new bicycles from a porch, asserted he thought they were junk. . . . In Pasadena, someone walked off with a twenty-seven-foot flagpole from a lawn in front of a private residence. . . . In Illinois, a young husband dropped his mother-in-law from a porch. . . .

The artist, seated on a dump, striving to catch "the light falling over the turmoil of garbage," presents an arresting spectacle. . . . A spectacle which, in some respects, seems to symbolize the age in which we live. . . . Today, writers, educators, do-gooders, so many of them, are sitting on the dump of agnosticism, striving frantically to "express" the spiritual garbage that is paganism: the garbage of divorce, of birth control, of "mercy" homicide, and so on. . . . Unlike the artist, they paint this spiritual refuse as though it were not refuse. . . . Our age is becoming, and rapidly, a huge spiritual dump filled with the turmoil of pagan garbage.

THE PARADER